

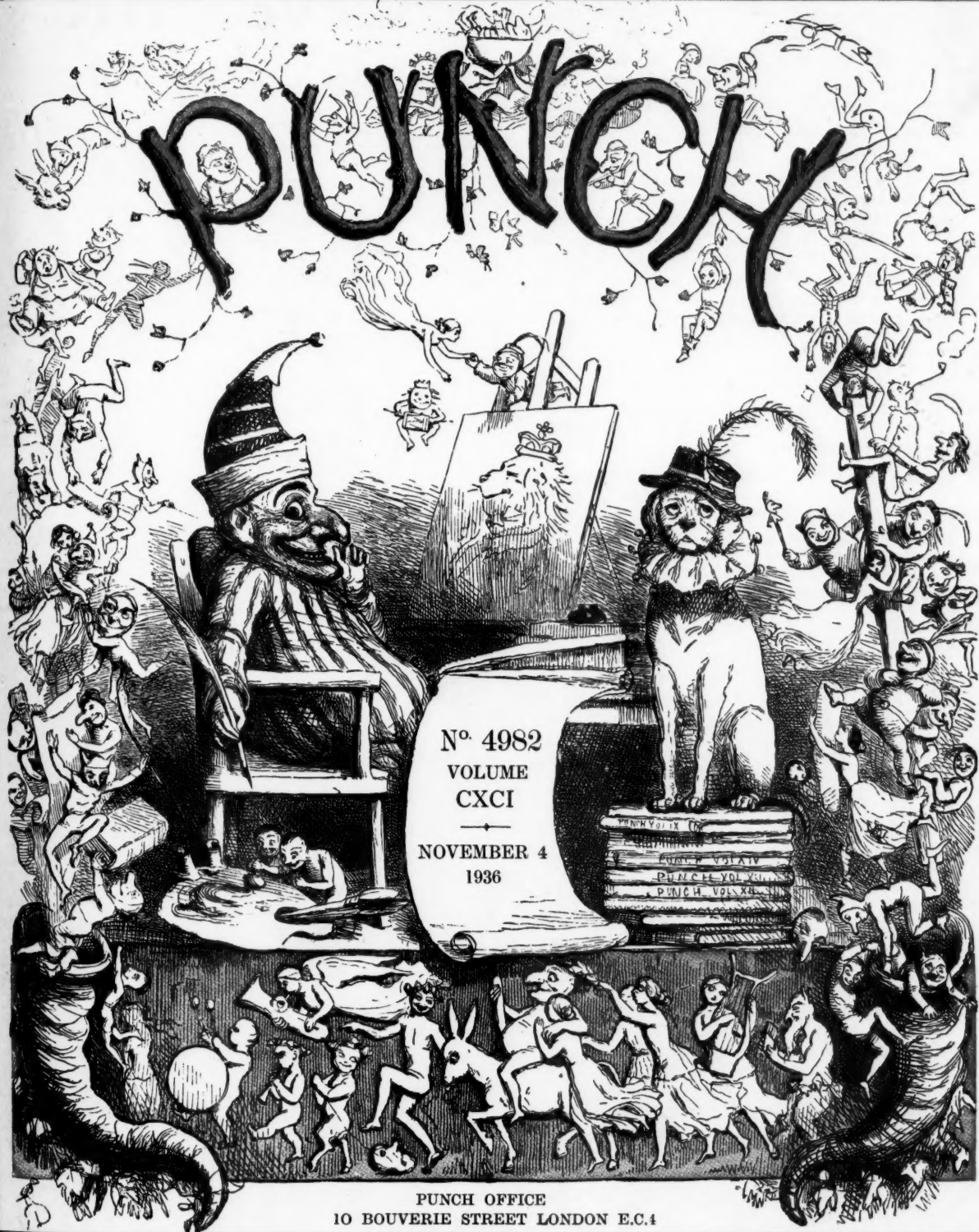
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**T**HE experts predict an extremely cold and severe Winter. Whilst you cannot avoid the inconvenience of the cold, wet, foggy days ahead, you *can* surround yourself with a barrier of health by drinking 'Ovaltine' every day.

Start the 'Ovaltine' habit *now*. By making it your daily beverage you can be sure that your diet is complete in all the nutritive elements required to build up your resistance to the highest level. Delicious 'Ovaltine' is unrivalled as the perfect form of concentrated and balanced nourishment. It contains every nutritive element required to safeguard your health and to maintain perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

But be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine.' Remember that 'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfect food, scientifically prepared from ingredients of the highest quality. Although imitations are made to *look* like 'Ovaltine,' there are extremely important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if required. Furthermore, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa or Chocolate. *For Quality and Economy 'Ovaltine' is unequalled.*

Prices in  
Gt. Britain and  
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1/1, 1/10 & 3/3.



**OVALTINE**  
*Builds a wall of resistance around your Health*

## Charivaria

"THREE Wolves Transfer" was a recent heading. The doors involved were not specified.

★ ★ ★

An American doctor says that the influenza germ known as the Pleomorphic Streptococcus affects the patients' vision. They become, in fact, Streptococcied.

★ ★ ★

The Italian Government is attempting to revive an ancient method of making wool from whelks. If that doesn't get their textile trade off the rocks, nothing will.

★ ★ ★

In view of the high price paid recently for the first letter sent by penny post, it would be interesting to know the sale-room value of the last letter sent by penny post.

★ ★ ★

A man arrested for being intoxicated was alleged to have tried to push an omnibus over. They say he complained bitterly that it was the bus that started it.

★ ★ ★

A doctor says that people would feel much better if they did more skipping. He points to the fine physique of book reviewers.

★ ★ ★



"The man in the street," declares an agitator, "has stood about enough." We cordially agree. Why on earth can't he get back on to the pavement?

★ ★ ★

"What is there, after all, in the average Dutch painting?" asks an art critic. If he is really seeking for information, the answer is "Windmills."

★ ★ ★

"After all," writes a critic, "what is the average routine film to an experienced producer?" Put briefly, a challenging, soul-shattering, super-colossal epic.



VOL. CXCI

U

"I really can't imagine what these so-called sex novelists are thinking of," declares a woman-writer. Which earns her ten marks for good character and nought for imagination.

★ ★ ★

"Things are not so bad as they are painted," observes a writer. Of course not—they wouldn't have been painted if they were.

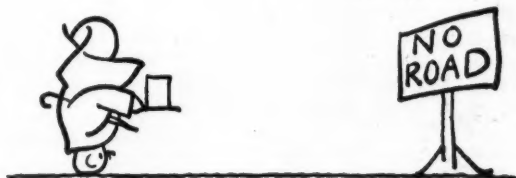
★ ★ ★

Casualties continue among the M.C.C. cricketers, but so far none of the ex-players in the Press box has succumbed to ex-players' cramp.

★ ★ ★

While taking a photograph of Signor MUSSOLINI a Rome journalist fainted. One theory is that he asked the DUCE to look pleasant.

★ ★ ★



A London man is said to see everything upside-down. This paragraph is accordingly inserted for his convenience.

★ ★ ★

It is said that American film stars seldom disclose their political leanings. An exception, however, is Miss GRETA GARBO, who frequently expresses her desire for complete isolation.

★ ★ ★

Among modern Chinese authoresses we note the name of Miss TING LING—the belle of the Orient.

★ ★ ★

A gossip-writer points out that Christmas will soon be here. The news seems to leak out earlier every year.

★ ★ ★

A Prohibitionist puts forward the claim that teetotalers seldom swear. Nothing stronger than a small lemon and a "Dash!"

★ ★ ★

A correspondent suggests that the Serpentine would be an ideal spot for one or two statues. The trouble, we have always understood, is that it isn't quite deep enough.



## A Marriage Has Been Arranged.

"A marriage has been arranged between Peter Evelyn Gimlet, younger son of Mr. Edwin and the Hon. Mrs. Gimlet, of Turl House, Newbury, and Pamela Anne, third daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. D. and Mrs. Bossage, of 1A, Little Cadogan Square, S.W."

*Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Bossage*

DEAR SIR,—We have read with interest the news of your daughter's engagement and venture to offer our sincere congratulations.

On such a special occasion we feel you will be the first to realise the importance of a spacious and comfortable reception, and that your own house, though no doubt charming, will be quite inadequate to the needs of an up-to-date wedding. For this reason we are losing no time in placing Mayfair House (the magnificent residence lately belonging to Lord Bruton) at your disposal FREE OF CHARGE, together with our services for the catering and entire management of the reception.

When we add that our charges are only 10/6 per guest, with no extras beyond 50 guineas for the lighting, heating and floral decorations of Mayfair House, we feel sure you will lose no time in placing the matter in our hands and ensuring a successful wedding for your daughter.

DEAR MISS BOSSAGE,—Do you wish to give your fiancé a present that will really please him? If so, what could be better than a charming miniature of yourself with *some of your own hair* worked in by our special method? We may say that on several occasions our miniatures have been known to *save the life* of a fiancé, notably through protecting one recipient's heart at a Fascist meeting, and upholding another through malaria in the tropics, when a photograph would have been reduced to pulp.

Our usual charge is fifteen guineas, but on this occasion we would be pleased to paint you for *half fees*.

*The Hon. Mrs. Gimlet*

DEAR MADAM,—May we be permitted to congratulate you on your son's engagement and at the same time respectfully remind you that "To the Bride—from the Bridegroom's Mother" is a vital feature of any wedding?

*Nothing but Jewellery* will meet the occasion, and the mother who omits to give her son's bride a valuable jewel may live to regret it all her life.

We have a wonderful selection of

pearl necklaces, diamond brooches and rings of great beauty, some of them as low in price as two figures, and shall await your inspection with interest and pleasure.

*P. E. Gimlet, Esq.*

DEAR SIR,—We fancy we know some of the problems which are confronting you this happy moment of your engagement (on which we hasten to offer our congratulations).

RENT, RATES, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, DECORATION.

All these are alarming items, and you will find that what may have been a very comfortable income for a bachelor will disappear with astonishing rapidity when you are married.

*This is where we can help you.*

National Homefinders, Ltd., will not only allow you easy payment on furnishing and decoration but will give you the assistance of their staff of experts in *choosing your home* for the trifling sum of 7% on the rent and a further £10 for Surveyor's Report.

We enclose our free illustrated booklet entitled "Fifty Pitfalls of Inexperienced Home-Finding," which we feel sure will interest you.

*Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Bossage*

Your daughter's wedding is over. The bride and bridegroom have departed. The last guest is gone and the red carpet is rolled up. You are feeling tired but satisfied that all has gone well. No?

What is the reason for this flat sensation, the uncomfortable feeling that the guests were not as gay as they might be, the whole reception not quite up to standard?

WAS IT THE CHAMPAGNE? IT WAS. Our representative will call tomorrow morning hoping to have the privilege of advising you on this subject.

REMEMBER it is false economy to have anything but THE BEST.

*Mrs. Bossage*

DEAR MADAM,—Will you not in the fulness of your joy at your daughter's happiness, remember the many daughters to whom the boon of marriage has been denied, and help the Elderly Spinners' Aid Association by ordering some of our beautiful paper cake doilies, each one lovingly cut and silvered by hand? They may be for this reason a little higher in price than usual, but when you reflect on the sad lives that lie behind the work we feel sure you will not grudge a few shillings extra for such a splendid cause.

*Miss Pamela Bossage*

You are starting on a new life—a new home, new friends, new pleasures.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SKIN?

Will that look new, blooming and peach-like too, or, after the fatiguing rush of trousseau and social engagements will your friends say, "There goes the bride—*what a pity about her complexion!*"?

It is for this reason that we offer our special treatment of Vitro Face Massage for ten guineas for a course of six instead of the usual price of fifteen.

*Edwin Gimlet, Esq.*

DO YOU REALISE that your son's marriage—on which we beg leave to offer our heartiest congratulations—will bring more responsibility to you?

At any moment you may feel that old pain—a thumping heart—some sign that your term of active work is limited, just perhaps when your son most needs your help, maybe because a nursery has just been got ready . . .

DO NOT DELAY. Start at once to take Casson's Thyroidex capsules. *To-morrow may be too late.*

"The marriage between Mr. Peter Gimlet and Miss Pamela Bossage will take place very quietly, owing to recent illness in both families. There will be no reception."

## In Hampton Court Gardens

THE beds are too patterned, the grass is too green,

It was planned too long ago.

We should not be walking here

At the turn of the year

When sorrowful things are abroad.

Take my arm, where have you been?  
Whose royal feet have trod this grass?  
Whose royal fingers touched this stone?  
The Thames must know. The Thames must know.

The Thames has seen them come and go,

Shadow of king with shadow of queen,

Frou-frou, flow-flow,

Rustle of satin, rustle of tree.

Take my arm, keep close to me.

Who can tell what shadows pass,

What thin mists of ghosts flit by?

Land and water never lie.

Ripples that we cannot see

Break where stick was never thrown;

Ghosts of ghosts and shades of shades,

Fingertips of waiting-maids

Stroke my shoulder, stroke my face,

Touch your coat, your hair, your hand.

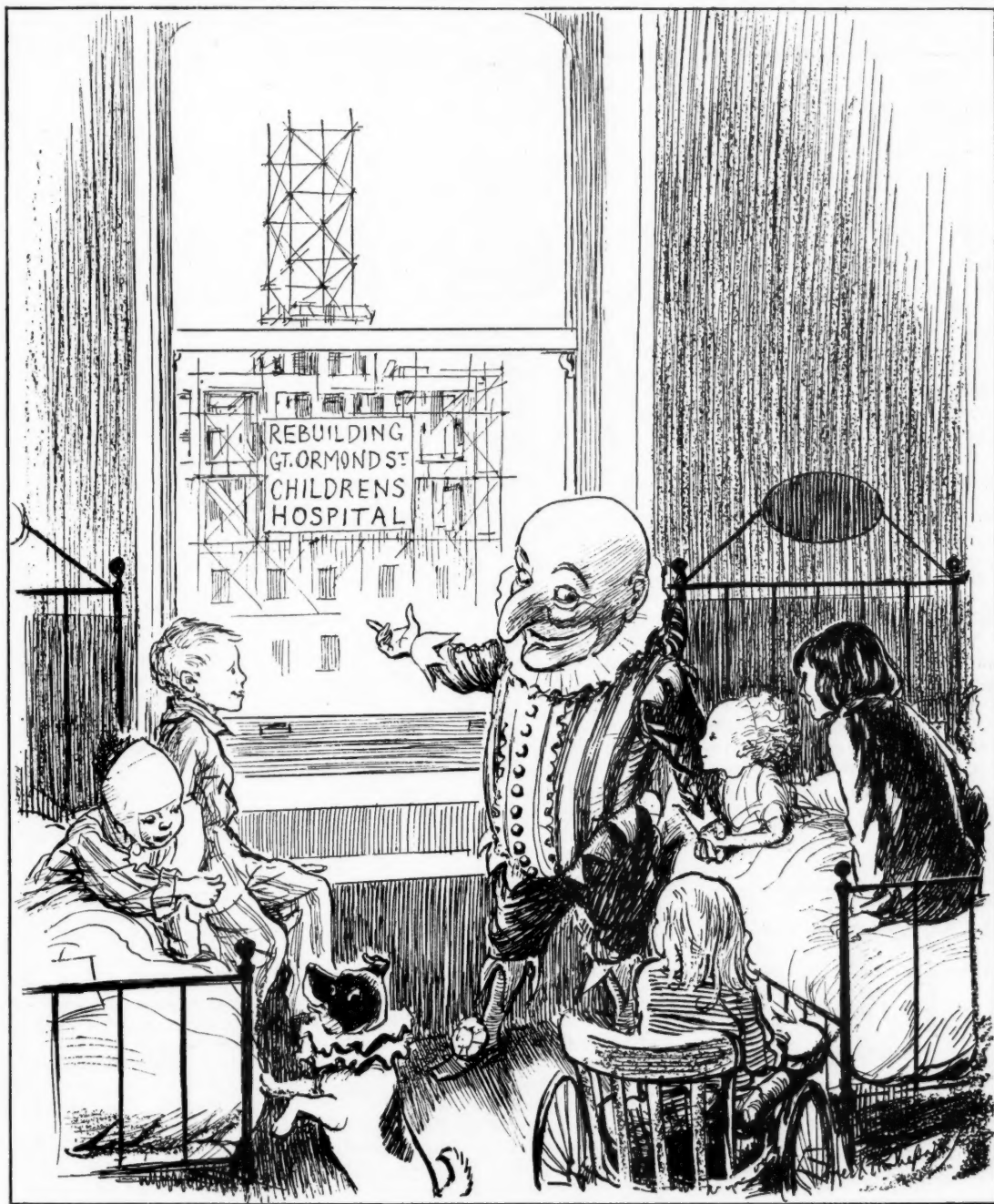
Surely now you understand.

Visitors are out of place.

We should not be walking here

At the turning of the year.





## "CHILDREN CALLING"

MR. PUNCH. "IT'S GETTING TALLER EVERY DAY, BUT WE NEED MORE HELP FROM KIND FRIENDS TO FINISH IT."

[The famous and old-established Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street is in urgent need of more accommodation, and rebuilding has begun. Mr. Punch believes that in such a cause as this he has only to ask, for his readers to give gladly and to give generously. Donations (great or small) may be sent to The Secretary, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1, or here to the Punch Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.]



"WOULD YOU PREFER CANNONS, SQUIBS AND CRACKERS, OR MORE SEDENTARY FIREWORKS?"

### The Mayor of Bilbury's Wish

ONCE upon a time a small fairy was mucking about on the slag-heap that stands on the left of the main road as you go into Bilbury. She was looking round for cabbage-stalks and bits of old newspaper and rags and things to make a nest for the winter inside the old factory-chimney that used to belong to the dye-works there. And she was in a bit of a hurry because there was a certain niche in the chimney which she wanted and on which an old barn-owl from further up the hill had got his eye as well. So when she saw a particularly fine bit of the evening paper go blowing down the slag-heap right across the main road she went flying after it as fast as her wings would carry her, completely

forgetting the traffic hints contained in the Handbook of Instructions to Fairies in Built-up Areas which had just been published by the Fairy Queen's Stationery Office.

Well, it so happened that at that moment the Mayor of Bilbury was driving by on his way to open Bilbury Health Week, and the fairy came swooping past right in front of the wheels of his car.

Now the Mayor of Bilbury had never actually seen a fairy before, and he thought it must be a chicken or something like that. And the last time he had run over a chicken it had cost him five shillings, so he put on his brakes as hard as he could and shouted at it in a loud and angry voice. But the fairy was a polite fairy, and she flew up and perched on the windscreen.

"Nay, Mr. Mayor," she said, "I'm

right sorry to have got in thy way—and thee about to open Bilbury Health Week and all."

"Well," said the Mayor of Bilbury in astonishment, "I've never seen the like of this afore. Might you be a real fairy, Miss?"

"Ay," said the fairy, "I am that. I was just getting myself a bit of summat for bedding for the winter."

"Why, if it's nobbut newspapers tha wants," said the Mayor of Bilbury, "I've got a couple here in back o' car for thee. One of them's got a speech of mine in it; reckon that ought to keep thee warm come winter." And the Mayor chuckled complaisantly as he handed over his copies of *The Bilbury Argus*.

"Well, now, that's real kind of thee," said the fairy gratefully, "and I'd like to do summat for thee too,

Mr. Mayor. Should I grant thee a wish?"

"Ay, I wouldn't mind that at all," said the Mayor.

"Well, make up thy mind sharp, lad. What's it to be?"

"Now, it's like this here," said the Mayor after deep thought. "I'm a public man and I make a lot of public speeches. But there's just one thing I don't much fancy: folks always laugh whenever I open me mouth to say a few words. 'Tain't right—no, not nohow."

"Shame on 'em," cried the fairy indignantly, "and you the Mayor of Bilbury and all! But I tell thee, there won't be no more snickering at thee now. Folks'll do whatever tha tells them to do in a public speech." And with these words she caught the Mayor of Bilbury a crack over the head with her magic wand and was away off up the hill before he could even thank her.

Well, now, thought the Mayor, that's a rum go if ever there was one. And he set off deep in thought for the Town Hall, where he was to open Bilbury Health Week.

There was a big crowd waiting when he got there, because no one ever liked to miss a speech by the Mayor of Bilbury—it made you laugh so much. And they all began laughing as soon as the Mayor appeared on the platform.

But this time, as soon as the Mayor started to speak, they stopped laughing and listened spellbound to his words.

Health, said the Mayor of Bilbury, was the coming thing. They didn't have it in his day, and look at the result. All the old people that he knew as a lad had died off like flies in the last forty years. But this was the age of the young people. There were more of them about now than there were in the old days. Why, there was a time when he himself was the youngest person in Bilbury; but you couldn't say that now. Why, there must be some now that were fifty and more years younger than what he was; and that just showed. What they got to think on was how to get younger still. Some said vitamins; but he said it was not everyone nowadays as could afford an expensive machine like that. Besides, in a modern house there wasn't nowhere to store a vitamin when you weren't using it. No, what was wanted was good healthy food and plenty of exercise. Yes, that was it: exercise was the coming thing.

When the Mayor had finished his speech the audience sat for a few seconds in stunned silence. Then they began to cheer frantically and



"PERMIT ME, MADAM—THE LITTLE DOG'S SHOELACE."

call out that they must have healthier food and more exercise. Word was passed out into the street that exercise was the coming thing. And when the Mayor got outside to join the Civic Health Week procession he found that the aldermen and councillors had cast off their robes and were standing in their shirt-sleeves waiting to carry out the procession at the double.

"Nay," said the Mayor uneasily, "there's no need for us to run, is there?"

But as this wasn't a public speech the spell didn't work at all, and the aldermen made him fall in in the ranks. They ran him twice round the city and then they went in to the civic lunch. And the Mayor found that someone had seen fit to cancel the

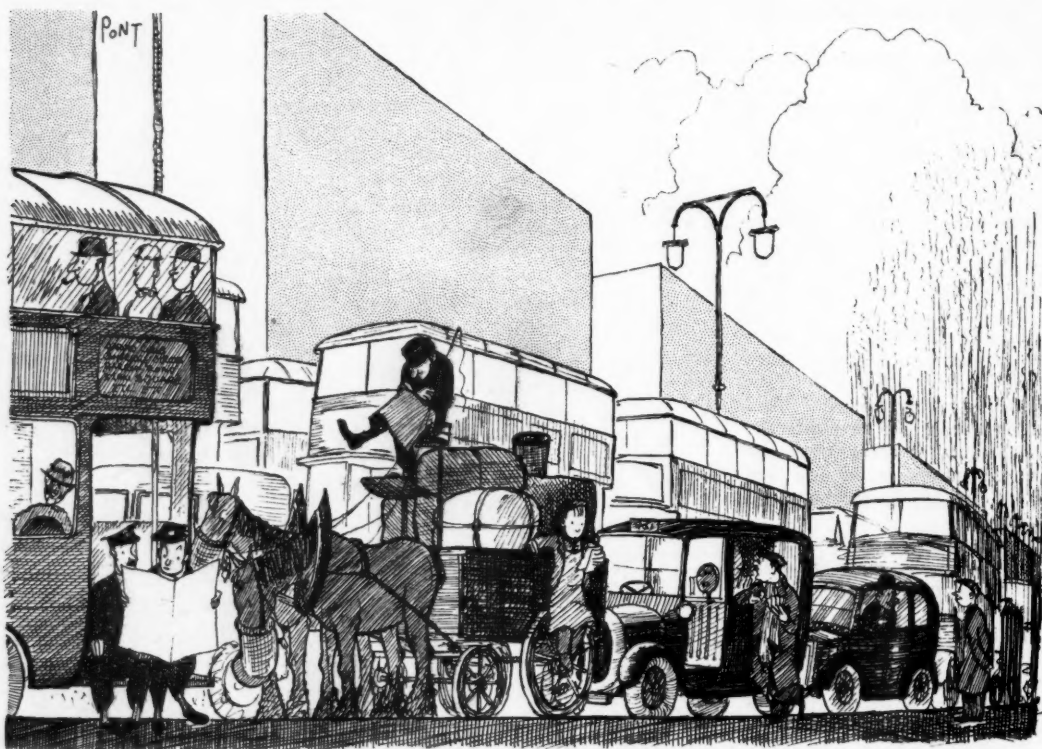
lovely bit of roast pork that they'd been going to have, and there was nothing but slabs of patent health food to eat.

"By gum!" thought the Mayor, "I'll have to be careful what I says in speeches. It's all right to tell folks what to do, but a public man don't want to have to do it himself every time."

And so the next day when he opened the new municipal airport he took care to start by saying that, as far as he was concerned, he had always believed in keeping his feet on terra cotta. Howsomever, flying was the coming thing, and everyone else ought to go in for it.

Well, that evening there weren't so many people about in the streets of





### THE BRITISH CHARACTER

LOVE OF WAITING IN TRAFFIC BLOCKS

Bilbury. Everyone who had heard the Mayor's speech had gone off by air to London or Manchester or even foreign parts. And everyone who had read the speech in the evening paper was waiting at the airport to go as soon as the aeroplanes got back.

And it wasn't long before the streets of Bilbury were entirely deserted. The Art Gallery was crammed solid with people because the Mayor had said that art was an enjoyable hobby for the masses; and so was the Public Library after the Mayor had said that reading was the coming thing and that a chap ought to know about science and botany and things these days. And every time there was a bazaar or a sale of work people waited up in queues all night for the doors to open.

Well, thought the Mayor of Bilbury, we can't go on like this. And so he called a mammoth general meeting of the townspeople to tell them not to pay so much attention to the speeches of public men and to get on with their work. He made up a speech the like of which had never before been heard in Bilbury, and

everyone in the town turned up to hear it, filling up the Town Hall and overflowing on to the steps and right away down the High Street. And there were one or two very odd-looking customers indeed among them, I can tell you.

But as usual a breathless hush reigned when the Mayor rose to his feet on the Town Hall platform.

"Ladies and Gents," he said, "I've got a fine speech for you to-day and no mistake. It's to tell you to get back to your work and not listen to speeches so much. Because why? There's no sense in spending all your time at this here Town Hall. What I says is, To Hell with the Town Hall!"

Well, there must have been one gentleman in the audience that he hadn't expected in Bilbury, because at these words there was a blue flash and the whole of the Town Hall disappeared into thin air, leaving behind nothing but a cloud of sulphur. And the Mayor and all the people were left standing in a great open space in the middle of the town.

And from that day to this nothing

more has been seen of Bilbury Town Hall except a small piece of it that was picked up in the streets of Manchester. But I don't see that there is anything to be done about it until the fairy that lives by the slag-heap comes out of her winter sleep and gets the spell taken off.

H. W. M.

### The Present

NOT very long ago I was writing here about "The Lost": about the persons whom, as we move on our regular orbit in this great city, we suddenly realise we shall be seeing no more. They were not immediately missed—it takes time to recognise that habits are being broken—they may (for a while) merely have been ill or on holiday—but at last comes the hour when the fact that they have passed finally from the punctual panorama strikes us. There has been a capricious gradualness; but at last, one morning, after wondering what has become of that man, where that man can be, we know.

Such are the Lost.

But there are also the Present, those few among so many whom, on this same orbit through the great city, we still see every day and like, but who also are not found—those, in short, whose faces are attractive, whom we should like to know but can find no opportunity.

How can we get to know these?

It is curious, as the years go by, to think how few friends even the friendly add to their list. We become self-protective; self-protectiveness is indeed forced upon us. How can we get to know these?

Although it was told me many years ago, I will always remember the pathetic story of the young wife who didn't know. Taken away from her own gentle but completely unworldly surroundings, where everyone had been friendly and no formalities were practised, and established in a small house in a London suburb, from which her husband was all day absent, she naturally moped and was wishful for company; and so, as she didn't know, she marched one afternoon to the

residence of a neighbour whom she had liked the look of, and, in short, "called."

I need not say how terrible a reversion of the proper order this was; but the lady of the house, being a lady, received the poor little lonely bride with great kindness, but made her understand beyond any doubt that the established residents must, if they thought fit, call first, and that the poor little thing must never again behave as she had done.

"And of course I never did," said the poor little thing to me many, many years later, "and even now when I think of it my eyes smart."

Leaving to the social satirist the enjoyable task of commenting upon the place in the great human family that is occupied by etiquette, I pass on to say how easy it is to sympathise with that misguided young woman, and to admit how often, as we move about among our fellow-beings, it has occurred to all of us that it would be nice to know this or that person with the attractive face. *But we must not call first.*

And I remember another story told me, this time by a young man new to London, of the cheerfulness and general warmth of welcome which he had at last succeeded in eliciting from the other season-ticket holders between the suburbs and London Bridge. Aloof at first, they were now jolly, and glad to see him get into their compartment. But, he added bitterly, *they never ask you home.*

Well, those are some of the Present, who, passing on their daily avocations, little think how powerful a longing for their better acquaintance can be welling in total strangers' breasts.

Even those who are supposed to be misanthropical can feel it. E. V. L.

#### Good News for Balloonists

"GAS NEVER LETS YOU DOWN."

Advertisement.

#### He Shall Have Music Wherever He Goes.

"The robes which British peers and peeresses will wear at the coronation of King Edward next year will cost nearly a million dollars—robes \$425 each and cornets \$90."

Canadian Paper.



"WHAT IS THE RELATIVE PROPORTION OF STARTING POWDER TO BURSTING CHARGE OF THIS?"

## Garden Rubbish

By the Authors of "1066 And All That"

## PLANTING, ET-CETERA

Of all the numberless named varieties of Dishonesty that flourish in those hotbeds of vice, the private gardens of England, none is more deep-rooted than the treasonable practice of stuffing the beds with ready-made plants (smuggled in, no doubt, in a warming-pan). This is known as "planting" and is done by numberless Old Pretenders in the evening with the help of a trowel, a watering-can and numberless unnamed varieties of midges, gnats, bats, etc.

The lovable part of planting is digging the little holes in the ground, and the difficult part is finding a clean bit of arm to rub your forehead with when the midges, bats, etc., have been biting it, etc.

"Water," say the Manuals, "should now be poured into the trowel-holes with sufficient velocity to create a slight froth." Like beer. "This, however, speedily disappears." Just like beer. So pour in more water, plug in ready-made plant and squeeze earth inwards and downwards with fists, thus causing muddy water to squirt outwards and upwards into face.

In consolidating soil finally round plant you have privilege, not often enjoyed by gardeners, of dancing plantigrade war-dance upwards and downwards in middle of valuable border. Make the most of this (see Fig. 1), after which there will be nothing more to do except refrain from planting ready-made boots all over newly-made beds or wiping dirty face on clean trowel, etc.

## WEED HOB!

(Plantain, Et-cetera)

"One year's Seeding,  
seven years' weeding."

Old Sore.

"The secret of weeding  
is never to begin."

Captain Pontoon.

In theory the most tedious occupation in the world, weeding in practice is a dangerous hysteria. It comes suddenly without warning. . . . You see a plantain here, a bindweed there . . . you stoop down. A little groundsel in the rose-bed . . . you grab at it. A whorl of goose-grass among the asters . . . you're off!

Ground-ivy among the sweet peas. Have at it! Cat's-whiskers among the carrots, Job's Comforters choking the phloxes, leechwort bleeding the dahlias to death! Down on

your knees, pulling, gouging, tearing, cursing! Not a moment to lose.

An hour goes by, two hours, three hours, you haven't scratched the surface of it! *Creeping thistle* undermining the whole herbaceous border! *Charlock, chickweed, horse-tail, coltsfoot, pig-sporran!* Still pulling, still tearing, still swearing. Dinner-time. Grab a cutlet as if it were a hemlock-and-two-vetch and hurl it into the fireplace. Dinner over. At it again, prising huge dandelions out of lawn by light of hurricane lantern.



FIG. 1.—PLANTIGRADE WAR-DANCE

Bed at last. But what a sleep! Hands clutching, knees shaking, body writhing, brain reeling.

"*Calf's-tail!*" you bellow as nightmare grips you, ripping cord out of pyjama-waist. "*Crowsfoot!*" you mutter, poking yourself in the eye.

"*Joshua's beard!*" you gibber, lurching over in bed and tearing handfuls off husband's chin. "*Upsidaisy!*" you prise the baby out of its cot and plunge it into the dirty-clothes basket.

"*Deadly-nightshade!*" With final shout of victory you wake up pouring with perspiration to find you have weeded the whole bedroom beyond repair.

## PRUNING

## (a) Fruit Trees

There is never exactly the right amount of the garden. You have to be either increasing it by sowing, mulching and grafting, or decreasing it by thinning out, cutting back and of course Pruning.

Thinning out can safely be left to sparrows, slugs, wireworms and (particularly in the case of sweet peas) mice—though it is perhaps worth recording the famous MacSicker or Ca'Canny method of sowing sweet peas adopted by our old friend Angus MacFungus, viz., first dip seeds in paraffin and red lead (against mice) and then sow them six inches deep (in mouse-traps).



Pruning is easy, because the instructions are usually so lucid. For instance, "in pruning currant bushes it is a good rule to cut all new shoots off the old wood of red-currants to enable the new fruit to form on the old shoots, but to cut all old shoots off the black-currants to enable the stewed fruit to shoot off the red-currants" (and vice versa, or, more lucidly, *tutti frutti*).





TWO METHODS OF WATERING

It is much the same with apple-trees, but more difficult to explain, since there are no black-apples.

#### (b) Roses

In pruning roses also we have a good guiding principle; viz., to promote strong shoots in weak growers and cut out weaker shoots in strong growers by cutting back to the third dormant eye facing outwards in April, except for special climbers that bloom on short shoots in July and, of course, shooters that climb in special long bloomers in August or utter bounders that shoot in climbing shorts in September—all of whom must be cut dead or, alternatively shot at sight.

Much, however, depends on the species and on the purpose of cultivation: for general, as opposed to "show" purposes, one dormant eye has been found sufficient for Cleopatra (dark peach), Victor Hugo and Countess Annesley, whereas those preferring a lighter treatment, such as Admiral Dewey (brick-red, suffused purple), Lady Godiva (blush), Madame D'Arblay and Dean Hole (lemon), may be pegged down and left with two to three dormant eyes facing upwards.



FIG. 2.

for once, "taking a cutting," is nothing to do with potting-out, hitting back, etc., with your old Scotch gardener in the greenhouse, or even with cutting a caper in the kitchen-garden, and the idea is to proceed as follows:—

(1) *Striking*. Cut a sprig of, say, *Ampelopsis Madame Guillotine*, at the twenty-third joint from the root or somewhere; strike cutting trenchantly into potful of rich compost; next day, cutting dies of *Nostalgia Jolly-naturalis* and you are left with potful of rich compost. (The process can be repeated indefinitely, especially by jolly rich chap with potful of money.)

(2) *Layering*. Push stem of *Amputopsis* (or whatever it is) right down flat on the ground—the wind or the dog will have done this already—and peg it there permanently with a few clothes-pegs or croquet-hoops. After a few days draw Fig. 2, which shows new shoots springing up in dotted lines (to indicate that new shoots will never be visible except in Fig. 2 in dotted lines).

(To be continued)

*Note*.—Captain Pontoon has just rung us up to say that for Dean Nuisance (pale flesh) and such hybrid twaddlers as Knatchbull Twee (fawny), he recommends pegging down firmly, removing all snags (bags, etc.), mulching well with road-scrappings and leaving with both eyes dormant and definitely face downwards.

#### WATERING

There are only two ways of watering (see moist pictures above).

#### A FEW CUTTING REMARKS

"Striking and Layering," or, if one might be intelligible

#### More News from the Plaza Toro Front

"A Mission is not simply the work of the Missioners. They are, so to speak, the spear-head in the great effort, but we must be behind them preparing the way for them, following up the work after they have gone."—*Parish Magazine*.

"If the team are good enough to give of their best they will probably win; if something like their worst is again produced, they will almost certainly be beaten; and if it be a case of in between, half and half, the result will be in doubt, and perhaps the verdict will be a draw. No more speculation need be attempted."

*Football Forecast in Scots Paper.*

We agree.

## Translations from the Ish

## LXIII.—DEADLOCK

It might ease the publishing situation  
If every author,  
After agreeing that there are too many  
books,

Did not add  
*Sotto voce:*

"But not enough of mine."

## LXIV.—EVERY LITTLE HELPS

"In my small way I also,"  
Said the miser,  
"Assist the poor.  
When, on my walks abroad,  
I encounter a cigarette-end, burning,

Very carefully and efficiently,  
With my foot  
I put it out."

## LXV.—THE GROWTH OF CONVICTION

What convinced the Ish traveller  
That the English,  
When they once let optimism break in,  
Utterly succumb to it,  
Was the racing-page of a newspaper.

"See," he said, "the prophets describe  
As 'certainties' to win  
The very same animals which  
In another column  
Are only 'probables'  
To start!"

## LXVI.—BETWEEN THE LINES

That advertisement in the Personal  
Column  
Beginning "GUN VACANT  
In one of the best shoots . . ."

Always makes me think of a circus  
That has just lost  
The lady whose job  
Was to be shot out of a cannon.

The range was wrong, perhaps?

LXVII.—ANECDOTE FOR ENTER-  
TAINERS

An old man with a pint  
In the "Red Lion"  
Said it was three years  
Since he'd been to the town.

"My daughter took me in once  
To a . . . *sinny-ma*,"  
He disgustingly recalled;  
"Well, I'd rather by half  
Go to a good auction."

## LXVIII.—BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT

Will Wux  
Soon became so successful a comedian  
That all over the country people  
Began calling themselves

Will Hucks, Bill Wucks,  
Willux, Will Kucks,  
Bill Hux, and Killucks

In the hope  
(Always realised)  
Of being mistaken for him  
By the muddle-headed.

LXIX.—DECLINE-OF-THE-  
LANGUAGE NOTE

"Far be it from me to be"  
Now generally means "I am."

## LXX.—INFLUENCE

The young man  
Who had never thought very highly  
Of his moral courage  
Was not surprised when,  
Entering a café  
With the idea of having some milk  
Because it would probably do him  
good,

He actually ordered coffee  
For no better reason than that

The waitress was blonde,  
Pretty and humorous-looking,  
With bold eyes.

## LXXI.—COMPENSATION

As is often pointed out,  
It is the people that can't create  
Who make most of the money  
Brought in by the productions  
Of the people that can.

Well,  
The poor unfortunate blighters,  
Why shouldn't they?

## LXXII.—THE CURE

Sometimes,  
When my elderly radio set  
Is stubbornly dead,  
A smart, not to say vicious, buffet  
Will make it work;

Smoothly the bell-like tones of the  
announcer  
Resume unperturbed,  
With perfect distinctness finishing  
Some unbegin sentence.  
The line is clear again.

I wish this drastic procedure  
Were equally effective  
With my head.

## LXXIII.—RECURRENT PROBLEM

Annually at certain seasons  
I am moved during a meal  
To question actuaries.

When I find an insect  
In a vegetable

Are the odds in favour of, or against,  
My finding another?

## LXXIV.—UNKIND

The cynical uncle  
Got out of being asked  
To act as godfather  
By judiciously commenting on  
The infant's photograph.

"That reminds me," he said;  
"Did you see the picture  
In this morning's paper  
With the caption  
'Suburban Resident's Unusual Pet'?"

## LXXV.—CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

It takes great skill  
So to time your passing  
Of a street violinist  
That you don't happen to hear him  
playing  
Any part of *The Londonderry Air*.  
R. M.

Further Conversation with an  
Employer

"I AM not, I believe, an unreasonable  
man, Miss Pin. I can understand that  
into all lives *some* rain must fall, *some*  
days be dark and dreary. You have  
heard me make use of the quotation  
before—you will probably hear me  
make use of it again. It is unhappily  
only too apposite to the circumstances  
in which I frequently find myself.

"*But*—and I should indeed feel  
obliged, Miss Pin, if the cat might be  
restrained from that infernal habit of  
sharpening its claws in public; and a  
brick, Miss Pin, dropped on the head  
of whichever one of the servants is  
singing a negro spiritual in that  
utterly repellent manner on the stairs  
—*but*, as I was saying before this spate  
of interruptions was let loose—

"Be so good, Miss Pin, as to silence  
that demoniacal telephone-bell in the  
next room. Say you'll take a message.  
Say I am out. If it's one of my aunts,  
a reporter, a person wishing to be paid  
something on account, or old Lady  
Legbatch asking me to dinner, say  
I've gone abroad. Indefinitely. Stop!  
If it's my agent, ask him to send on  
anything that may be due to me by  
to-night's post, and inquire about the  
American serial rights of *Everything is*  
*Mud* and the sales to date of *From*



Professor. "OKE! BABY!"

Julius Cæsar to Charlie Chaplin, and ask him why he hasn't done anything about that series of articles on *Is the European Situation Bad or Good?* Wait! If it's an invitation to a lecture, don't commit me to anything. Don't, I beg of you, declare that I shall be delighted to travel to the North of England on a Bank Holiday by a slow train in the middle of winter in order to address a Mothers' Meeting in the Town Hall for a fee of three-and-sixpence. And stop that persistent ringing, Miss Pin, unless you wish me to go out of my mind. Find out who wants me, and why, and say I almost certainly can't do it, whatever it is, but that you will ask me when I get in.

"And Miss Pin—Miss Pi-in! . . ."

"Speak, Miss Pin. What was it? But before you speak—before you breathe, move or utter a syllable—let me implore you to make a note to the effect that nobody—nobody in this world—can be expected to write on an exclusive diet of cold ham. In a word, Miss Pin, unless that woman can be cured of her habit of sending up ham and nothing but ham morning after morning, I shall almost certainly take leave of my senses. That's all. I shall

simply go raving mad. Nothing more than that—but that's what will happen. Yes, Miss Pin? I'm waiting. Speak, I beg."

"Somebody called Mr. Crabbe would very much like to speak to you personally."

"Never, to my certain knowledge, have I met anybody of the name of Crabbe. Tell him he's an impostor. And Miss Pin! Whilst I think of it, make me out a list of all the people to whom I sent Christmas-cards last year, and at all costs add the Robinsons, whom I forgot and from whom, unless memory deceives me, I received a revolting little painting of a coach-and-four, or a plum-pudding, or it may have been some other character out of DICKENS. And don't, Miss Pin, tell me that it's only October now. No one in this world knows it better than I do, with the rates and the rent and what-not all over-due. But if I don't tell you these things when I think of them, when can I tell them to you? A complete list, Miss Pin, of all Christmas-card recipients. I suggest a different column altogether—perhaps even a different sheet of paper—for the calendars."

"Mr. Crabbe says that he's afraid you may have forgotten him, but you and he were at school together, and he's just read—"

"Good heavens, Miss Pin, why didn't you say so before? The atmosphere of *mystery* in which women choose to shroud the simplest transactions is a matter of perpetual wonder to me—wonder and, I may add, profound disapproval. Dear old A. P. Crabbe, whom I haven't seen for more than a quarter-of-a-century, rings me up on the telephone, and I'm not so much as informed of his identity until I extract it—positively *prise* it out—with red-hot pincers! Permit me, Miss Pin, I beg of you, to exchange at least a word, if you object to anything more, with one of my oldest and closest friends."

"And make a note that I'm not, I believe, an unreasonable man, but that—(Hallo, hallo! Is that you, Crabbe? My dear fellow, I'm simply delighted)—that no one, Miss Pin, be he whom he may, should be required to fill a fountain-pen from an inkpot containing nothing—*nothing whatever*—beyond the merest sediment."

E. M. D.



## Without Obligation

ORIGINALLY I did not go to the Motor Show with the intention of buying a car. The Covered Wagon is not exactly in her first youth, but apart from giving a slight impression of a reaper and binder on her intermediate gears, and a malformation of her off-wing where Rachel hit the gate in Cornwall, she is quite all right, with a good turn of speed and easy for Rachel to drive. A nice reliable comfortable car. She would do, I decided, for at least another six months, if not a year. But you know how it is. The new season's bonnets are quite different. On this year's 1½-litre Ponker the gear-lever is now attached to the windscreen. And on the 16/90 Hotcha one can sit in the car and by pressing a button jack all four wheels off the ground, which reduces traffic driving to child's play. Before we had been in the place ten minutes I was remarking dreamily to Rachel that of course the most economical system was to have a new car every year, and Rachel was saying, "Of course the Covered Wagon is a dear, but it would be nice to have one with silver hide and a green waistline." And twenty minutes after that we were weakly accepting offers of demonstration runs.

For my own part I hate being demonstrated to. There is a nasty trapped feeling about the whole thing. However much everybody assures me that (of course) no obligation is involved, I never quite believe them. Rachel, however, has no conscience. She is a confirmed acceptor of free samples; she regularly has the house spring-cleaned by persevering vacuum-cleaner demonstrators; and I should never be surprised to find that she had really used half a tube of something and then, taking the makers at their word, returned the remainder and demanded her money in full. It was only when she had cheerfully agreed to accept (entirely without obligation) trial runs in the 1½-litre Ponker, the 16/90 Hotcha and the Autobus Special that I had a chance to protest.

"After all," I pointed out, "it isn't as though we were really going to buy a car. And even if we were, the maximum price I could afford would be the Covered Wagon *plus*, say, five pounds. The price of the Autobus Special—"

"But we needn't buy any of them," said Rachel. "Didn't you hear him say there was no obligation?"

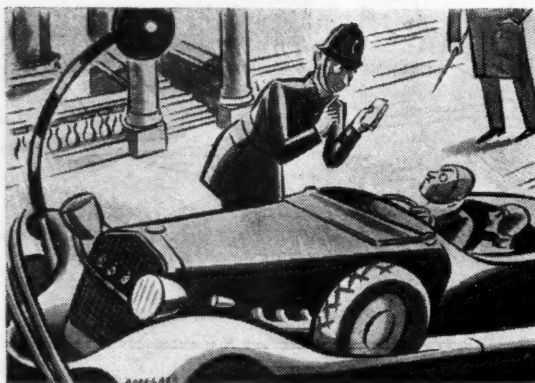
That was three days ago. We have now been demonstrated to.

(1) 1½-LITRE PONKER. Arrived in charge of a young man who explained

(a) That she had a heavier body than the type we were really interested in;

(b) That the engine was not run in yet and rather stiff. Consequently the test was hardly fair. But still, he could give us some idea. . . .

He motored us gently through London traffic for half-an-hour. The car struck me as being exactly like a 1½-litre Ponker, except that the gear-



"COME, COME, SIR, YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK LIKE THAT ABOUT THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT."

lever is now attached to the windscreen. When we got back it was a little difficult to know what to say. I said to Rachel, "She's very nice, isn't she?" and Rachel said, Yes, she was, and so smooth. And I said, Yes, very smooth. Then the young man asked me what car I was running now, and said, Ah, that was rather a pity, because the Covered Wagon's family were not everybody's cars, and that brought down the second-hand value. And I asked him how much I should have to pay to swap the Covered Wagon for a Ponker, and he said it was difficult to say without seeing the Covered Wagon, but somewhere about £200, he should think. Then I said I was having demonstrations on two other cars, and after that I would ring him up on Tuesday, and he went away.

(2) 16/90 HOTCHA. A young man brought this too and said at once that it was their demonstrator and had been rather flogged about, so of course it

wasn't as lively as a new one, but he'd give us some idea. Car was just like Henry's 16/90 Hotcha, and we sat in a traffic-jam at the Angel for a quarter-of-an-hour in it, and when we came back we agreed that she was very nice and lively. I asked him about pushing the button and jacking all four wheels off the ground, but he said this was the cheaper model and hadn't got that. He seemed to think it was a pity about the Covered Wagon too, but he thought we might do a deal with about £200 as the difference. Then I said I was having another car demonstrated and that I'd ring him up on Tuesday, and after that he went away.

(3) AUTOBUS SPECIAL. I had been very scared about this because really we can't afford an Autobus Special, but it was all right, because a very old depressed man brought it, who obviously didn't ever think we were going to buy it and didn't try to sell it to us at all. He drove us a long way and at the end he didn't ask about the Covered Wagon, and we said the Auto-bus was very nice and held the road beautifully, and thanked him, and he said it was a pleasure in a depressed sort of way, and I said I'd ring him up on Tuesday, and he went away.

After it was all over Rachel and I talked it over, and we decided that none of them was quite right. The Ponker was a bit small and the

Autobus a bit too big. And the 16/90 Hotcha, though quite nice, is a trifle too reminiscent of Brighton Front. We sat down and worked it out, and what we *really* seem to want is a nice reliable comfortable car, with a decent turn of speed, that's easy for Rachel to drive and that—well, that we're used to. We are agreed that it would be absurd to pay another £200 for something obviously not really suitable.

The difficulty, however, is that to-morrow is Tuesday. Rachel says it's all right—that all I've got to do is to tell all of them that I've bought one of the others. She says it was specifically stated that there was no obligation. But I know they'll all want to know what I've bought and why I didn't buy theirs. No, there's only one solution. It is always worth while to pay to get the right article. I shall ring them all up to-morrow morning and make them each a firm offer of £280=£66 13s. 4d. to let me keep the Covered Wagon.

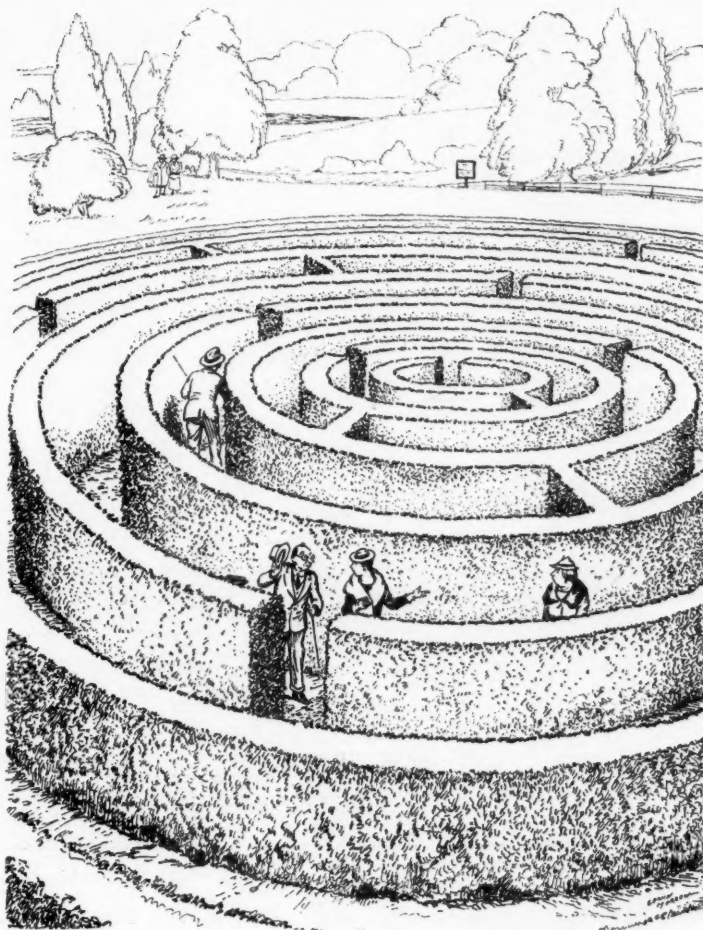
## Riots

A FICTION is current among my friends that I am an expert on the subject of East London, and news of constant rioting beyond Aldgate Pump having filled the *Popular Press* for some weeks, an acquaintance of mine on the staid and careful *Daily Organ* asked me to take him on a tour of investigation. I was deeply flattered, and called for him at the museum-like *Organ* office soon after six.

"It's a bit early for any actual riots," I explained, "but I can introduce you to a few of the native inhabitants, who will no doubt be willing to describe in glowing language their righteous anger against the Jews, to tell of bloody battles, and generally provide material calculated to boil the blue blood of the readers of the *Organ*."

I took the man into a well-known public-house in West India Dock Road and filled him to the neck with beer. It is the secret of good showmanship to get your audience mellowed before the performance properly begins. I then took him to the house of Mrs. X, who is a typical citizeness of Stepney, and we interviewed her on the subject of Jews, Fascists and riots. I think the *Organ* man was a shade disappointed not to find the door barricaded, and when we were invited into the kitchen I couldn't help feeling that my display of white-faced fearful East Londoners was rather a frost. At the end of the table sat an elder son, eating a chop and two veg. with careless abandon. His heart might be full of passionate anger against the Jews, his ganglions might be trembling with terror of bloodshed, but if so he concealed it with remarkable cleverness. If any emotion betrayed itself in his countenance it was a mild irritation at having a couple of strangers watching him eat his chop and two veg. At the other end of the table sat a younger boy placidly colouring a map of the world—and he was not even painting the Fascist countries purple. Nor were the remarks of Mrs. X particularly bloodcurdling. She admitted she had heard of some riots, but she hadn't seen anything of them herself, and she thought the whole thing was rather silly. What was her attitude to the Jews? She hadn't ever thought about it particularly, but the Jewish family who lived next-door were nice quiet folk who never gave her any trouble, and 'Live and Let Live' was her motto.

Back in the street I felt that the *Organ* man was disappointed, and,



"SORRY, BUT I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF."

though we called at half-a-dozen more houses, things weren't much brighter. One young fellow was courting a girl whose brother-in-law was a Communist, but that was the nearest we got to the Red Flag, and everybody else seemed bored stiff with the whole business. After a long search I managed to run to earth one very small Fascist, a boy of sixteen, and we got all we could out of him. He thought the Jews ought all to go back to Palestine because there were seven million Jews in England and only two million unemployed, so that if all the Jews were sent away unemployment would be cured and the only difficulty would be to find somebody to do the other five million jobs. He admitted he wasn't quite sure that he had the figures right, but it was something like that, and did we mind if he rushed away, because he was going to the pictures and it was CLARK GABLE?

"Everybody down here seems so law-abiding," said the *Organ* man rather morosely. "Are you sure you're not just picking out the respectable people for me to interview?"

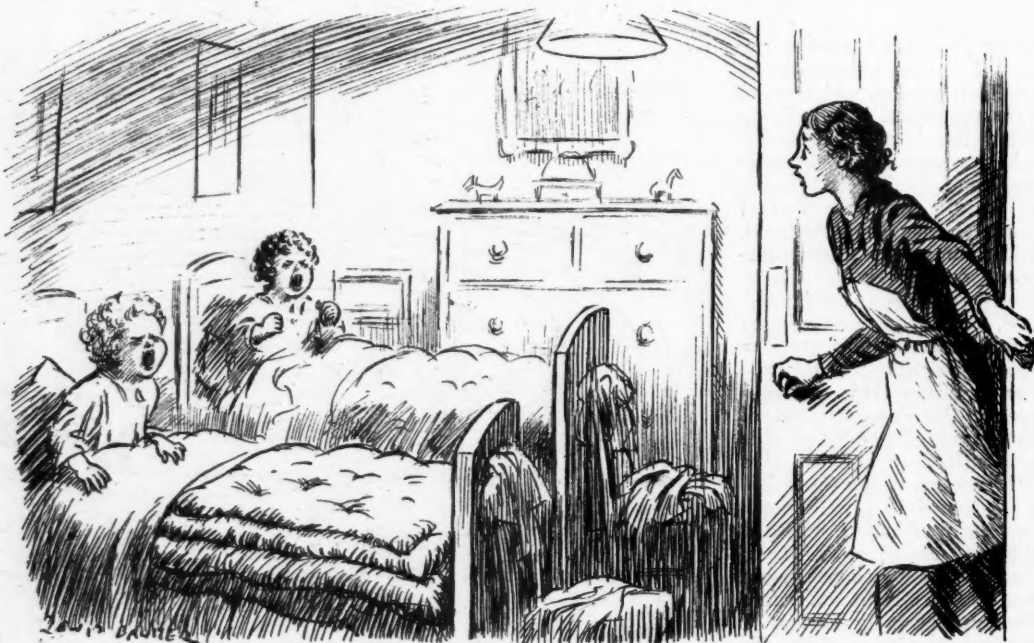
I thought I had better own up.

"I'm sorry to say," I admitted, "that East London in 1936 is respectable. I suppose there must be some toughs or there wouldn't have been any riots, but finding a 'tough' when you want one is like trying to find a split infinitive in the *Organ* or a needle in a haystack."

We returned to his car, and a bright smile overspread his features.

"This is more what I wanted," he said. "Somebody has broken off one of the door-handles."

He drove happily away, quite reconciled to an otherwise dull evening. When he was safely out of sight I took the door-handle from my pocket and dropped it down a drain.



"GRACIOUS GOODNESS, WHAT'S THE——"  
 "JOAN TOLD ME A DREFFUL GHOST-STORY AND FRIGHTENED ME."  
 "BUT WHAT'S SHE GOT TO CRY ABOUT?"  
 "I—I—I'VE FRIGHTENED MYSELF TOO."

### A Maiden Speech

(By the Perfect M.P.)

*As I always say in the "Old Horse and Hay,"*

*You 'll pardon my silence, I pray?*

*Don't give me the bird if I don't say a word,*

*For I 've nothing partic'lar to say.*

*There 's far too much chewing the rag—*

*All our noses are best in the bag.*

*You may think me absurd, but I don't say a word*

*If I 've nothing partic'lar to say.*

It's terrible to think of all the harm that people cause  
 All through opening of their mouths instead of holding of  
 their jaws;

A bloke may take it easy if you conk him on the jaw,

But if you tell him what you're thinking ten to one he'll  
 go to law.

*So, as I always say in the "Old Horse and Hay,"*

*Here's one ass refuses to bray.*

*I shan't say a word about what I 've just heard,*

*For I 've nothing partic'lar to say.*

*I like to sit thinking profound*

*And watch the old world going round,*

*And as long as the liquor is good and comes quicker,*

*I 've nothing partic'lar to say.*

As the monkey said to the burglar who was playing on the  
 flute,

"If I were you, old fellow, I'd be absumutely lute";

And I only want to make it clear to anyone in reach

That as far as I'm concerned I don't intend to make a speech.

#### CHORUS

*But, as I always say in the "Old Horse and Hay,"*

*Mr. Speaker, don't send me away.*

*Don't think me absurd if I don't say a word*

*When I 've nothing partic'lar to say.*

*What causes the comical laws?*

*It 's people not holding their jaws.*

*You may think I'm tight, and I dare say you're right,*

*But I 've nothing partic'lar to say. A. P. H.*

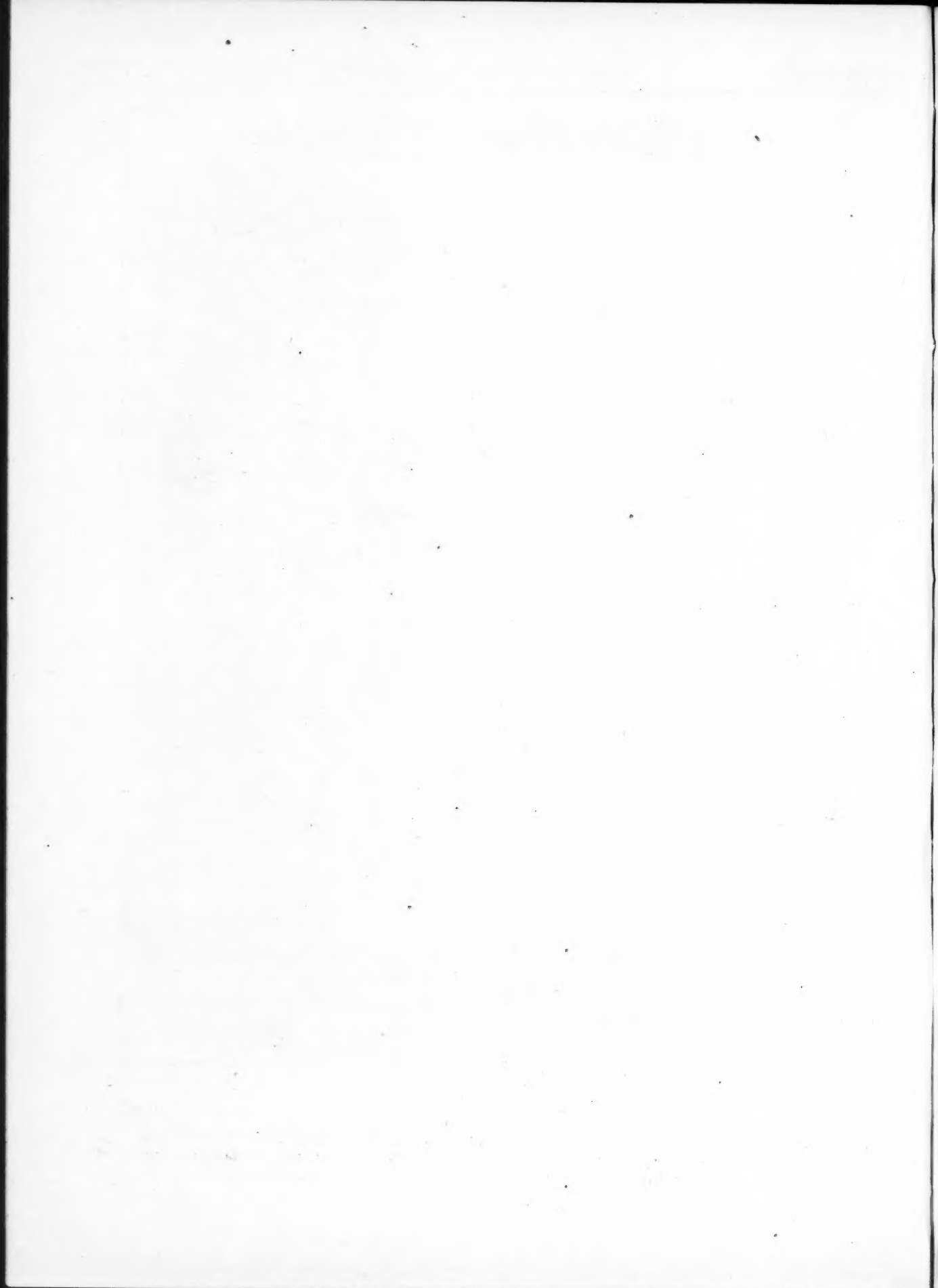


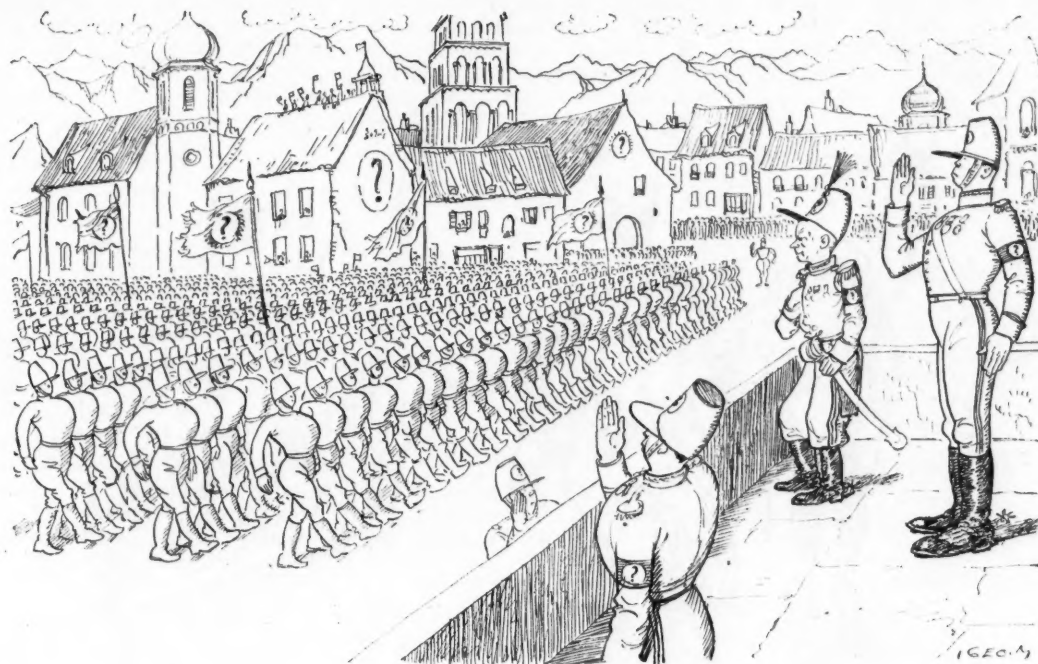


### SAFETY "5TH"

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, STANLEY?"

YEOMAN BALDWIN. "PLENTY OF TROUBLESOME STUFF AS USUAL, MA'AM, BUT NOTHING TO BLOW US SKY-HIGH."





THE DICTATOR OF BLURBIA REALISES THE DREAM OF HIS LIFE—A PERFECTLY FIT RACE OF BLURBIANIAN.

## Impressions of Parliament

*Thursday, October 29th.*—The NUFFIELD-SWINTON affair appears to have been amicably resolved. When their Lordships met this afternoon Lord SWINTON protested how far discourtesy had been from his intentions, and told the House that he had Lord NUFFIELD's authority for saying that the White Paper was a fair statement of what had passed between them. Lord NUFFIELD was present on the Government Benches, and admitted by a nod to a question of Lord STRABOLGI's that his factory was to be devoted to the needs of the War Office.

Several peers seized the occasion to express their disquiet at the policy of the Air Ministry, Lord STRABOLGI asserting that friction between the Services was delaying rearmament and calling for a unified Ministry of Supply; Lord SEMPILL that the Air Ministry was far too conservative in its attitude to young and enterprising firms; Lord DUNEDIN that under the "shadow" sectional system the successful bombing of one factory would paralyse the whole ring; and Lord MELCHETT asking, as an industrialist, for a Minister of Munitions. In reply Lord SWINTON made it clear that he

was insisting on the formation of more than one complete chain of factories, and assured the House that the difficulty to-day was not friction but the shortage of skilled labour. As to a Ministry of Supply, the Government, he said, preserved an unprejudiced attitude.

The Commons, pressed for time by a variety of important subjects, put in a kaleidoscopic day. The attempts of Führer MOSLEY and his Bashist Boys to turn the East End into a bear-garden were briefly dealt with at Question-time when Mr. LLOYD refused to anticipate the legislation of next Session and Mr. MACQUISTEN bitterly recalled how the kilt had been banned in the Highlands in 1746, and referred to it as the best form of dress. (Apparently an academic preference only, since kilts are not banned in the House and Mr. MACQUISTEN invariably leans to trousers.) India was stated to be sitting fairly pretty by Mr. BUTLER, and Abyssinia to be sitting somewhat ugly by Mr. EDEN.

After moving tributes to the memory of Sir GODFREY COLLINS, the House entered on the real business of the day, Spain. Mr. EDEN, who began with praise for the work of rescue carried out by the Navy and the Consular Service, absolutely denied that M. BLUM's Government had only taken the

initiative towards non-intervention under strong British pressure, and stoutly defended the policy of isolating the Spanish war-germ for the sake of European peace. He admitted that before the Agreement large supplies of arms had gone to the insurgents from outside, but he assured the House that no first-hand evidence whatever had been discovered to support the Soviet charges.

The Labour Party expressed through Mr. GREENWOOD and Mr. ATTLEE its view that the Spanish Government was more legitimate than Communist and that therefore to prohibit its import of arms ran counter to international law; the ban should be lifted in the name of liberty. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR regretted the loopholes in the Agreement, but approved its principle. Mr. MAXTON, though fully conscious of what his loss would mean to the House, announced his willingness to go out and fight for the Spanish Government if they wanted him. And finally Mr. BALDWIN, after pointing out that the withdrawal of our Ambassador from Madrid was entirely on the Government's instructions, emphasised impressively the supreme importance of democracy surviving in this country. Can anyone outside a mental home honestly disagree with him?





"LOOK WHAT YOUR BEASTLY WIRE'S DONE TO MY COAT!"  
 "HOW DO I KNOW WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE BEFORE?"

### A Leaf from the Prospectus of Snow-Flake College

*Postal Address: In the Bush  
Near Hokitika.*

In offering parents educational facilities for their children in a completely new form, we begin by asking them how often they have complained that schoolmasters know nothing about life. At Snow-Flake College, which will be co-educational, the four Principals are all practical parents with a bright and varied experience of the world.

The school motto will be: "START THEM ALIVE."

Parents often complain that their children come back from school slow, slack and casual. The alumnae and the alumni of Snow-Flake College will not hang about the portals of their Alma Mater, afraid to cross the grey road which separates them from real life. They will rush forward and never look back.

**PREMISES.**—These will be fully licensed, as we have secured the use of an old West Coast hotel. Parents

who have spent the usual dry days with their children at other schools will appreciate this advantage.

An abandoned coal-mine is situated in the grounds. Some of the miners who used to work it live in the neighbourhood and still go on strike annu-

ally. During their strikes they picket the mine, and pupils going to dig coal for the use of the school will thus be brought face to face with modern labour problems.

**CURRICULUM.**—In order to prevent any grooviness in our teaching, each of the classes will be taken by each of the Principals in turn (exception: Mr. X. Y. Z. will not concern himself with Eurythmics, Singing or Dancing).

**ENTERTAINMENTS.**—West Coast concert parties will visit the school from time to time. On these occasions the bar will be kept open until the Entertainers leave. In this way we shall hope to reproduce in a new country the old tavern atmosphere beloved of the great Elizabethans, SHAKESPEARE and MARLOWE.

**SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.**—In most schools every attempt is made to treat the pupils all alike with complete fairness. This is another of the ways in which a gap is created between school life and real life. At Snow-Flake College no two pupils will ever be treated alike, and no one will ever know what is coming to them.



"MR. CAN'TREADHISNAME, PLEASE."

A good excuse will, however, always receive a kindly welcome. It is mainly by their skill in turning corners and making excuses that the old keep ahead of the young. We must help the young to bridge this gap between them and their parents. The chief school prize of the year will be awarded for the best excuse made.

**ECONOMICS.**—The school prizes each year will consist of mining shares. These can be bought by the Principals for practically nothing. Each share certificate will have attached to it a brief history of the company, and the pupils will thus obtain an early insight into economic structure which will save them much money later on.

**THE TABLE.**—Each week there will be a seven-course dinner attended by the senior pupils and cooked by the juniors. The Principals will drink the appropriate wines with each course. Cocktails will be mixed in the presence of the whole school, and as the Principals have a specially varied experience in this direction, new and helpful ideas should percolate into many homes.

Finally, throughout our conduct of the school we shall keep in mind the saying of the wicked old Roman poet: "Parents and schoolmasters must make a special effort to behave themselves when children are present."

### Song of an Old-Clothes Man

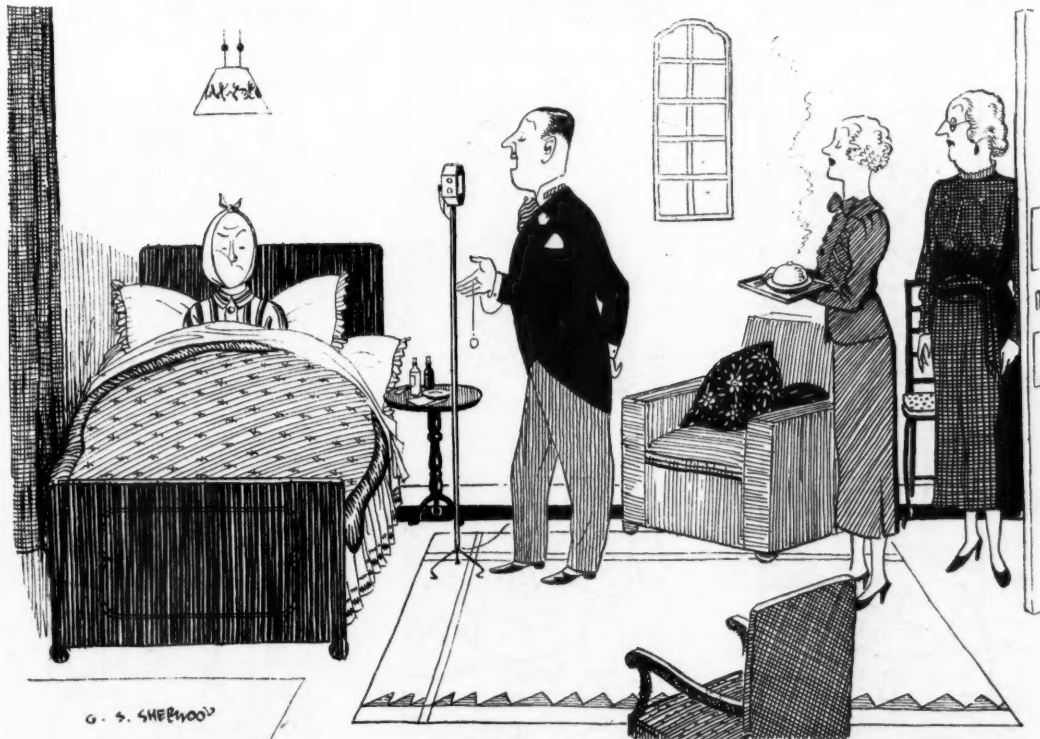
MODERNITY, merciless ogress,  
Makes havoc and hay of the past,  
But, though she may boast of her progress,  
Some bulwarks her onset outlast.  
"Old things are for ever in favour,"  
The moralist wrote long ago;  
Old "*Clos*" (with an *s*) keeps its savour  
As well as "Old Clo."

I disown the intention to cavil  
At youngsters who follow the code  
Of the Row that is named after Savile—  
The Mecca of masculine mode;  
But adhere to my private conviction  
That dress may be seriously marred  
And fashion become an affliction  
When comfort is barred.

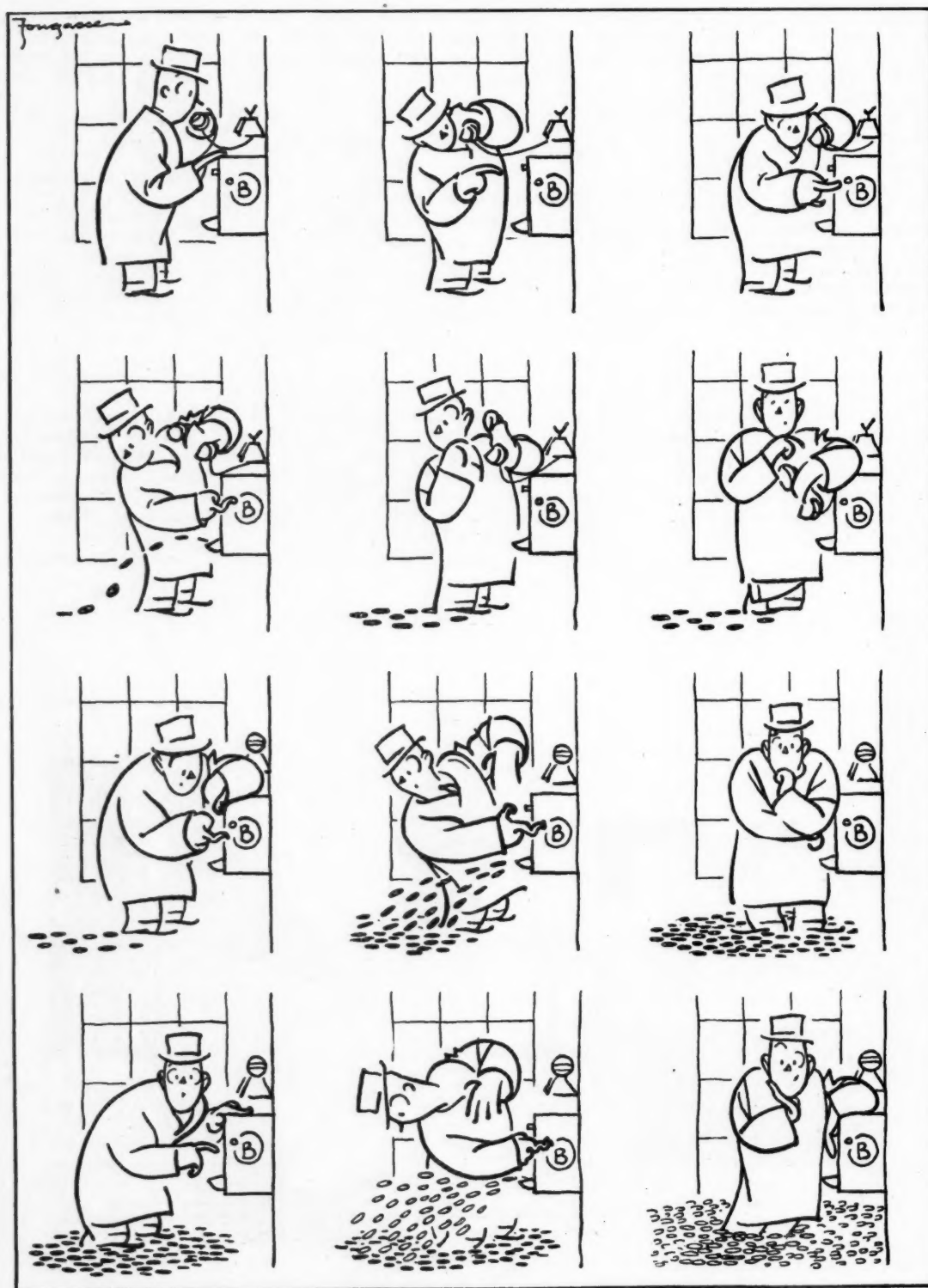
Figged out in the height of the fashion  
I never can feel at my ease,  
So I cling with a positive passion  
To leg-wear that bags at the knees;  
And I hold it is fitting and proper  
To honour my grand-daughter  
Joan  
At her wedding by sporting the topper  
I wore at my own.

The storm-clouds, black, sullen and eerie,  
As over the welkin they ride,  
No matter how dismal and dreary,  
Like beef, have a silvery side.  
So why should I join with the grouzers  
Who vainly lament and repine  
So long as my coat and trousers  
Continue to shine?

Still, I dread the harsh Law of the Jumble  
Whose minions, professing to aid  
The cause of the poor and the humble,  
My wardrobe repeatedly raid;  
Whose fanatical zeal never flinches  
From stealing my comfiest suits  
And unceremoniously pinches  
My roomiest boots. C. L. G.

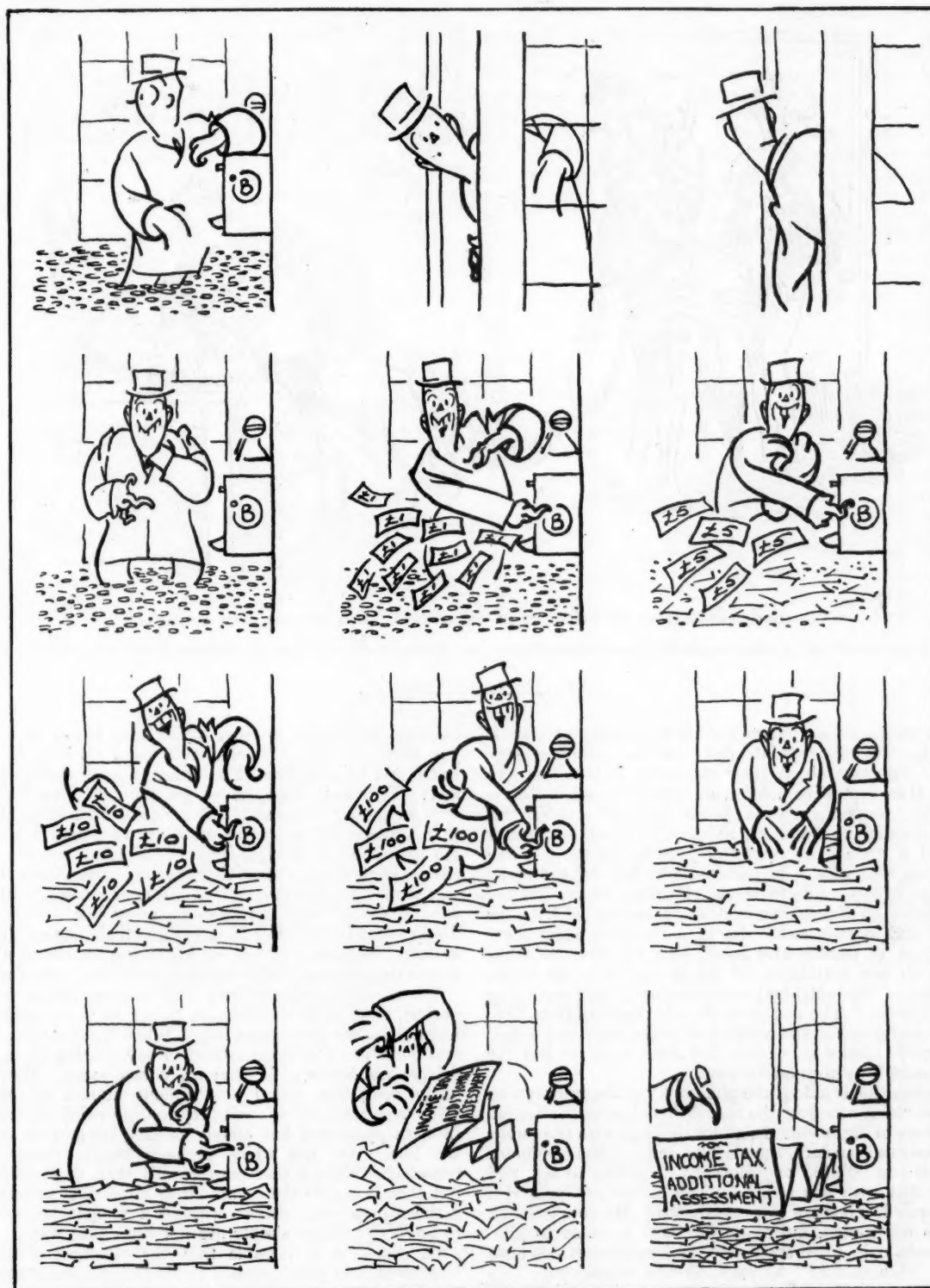


*Commentator.* "I AM NOW AT THE BEDSIDE OF AN INVALID WITH A SWOLLEN FACE. THE SUN IS SHINING VERY NICELY OUTSIDE; THE PATIENT'S TEMPERATURE IS NORMAL, AND HE IS NOW ABOUT TO TAKE A LITTLE STEAMED FISH. BEFORE GOING FURTHER, I SHOULD LIKE TO REMIND LISTENERS THAT THIS IS THE COPYRIGHT OF THE B.B.C. AND MUST NOT BE BROADCAST BY LOUD-SPEAKER OR BY ANY OTHER MEANS."



THE ENCHANTED TELEPHONE-BOX: A ROMANCE OF BUTTON B





THE ENCHANTED TELEPHONE-BOX: A ROMANCE OF BUTTON B



"AND COULD YOU SUPPORT MY DAUGHTER IN THE WAY TO WHICH SHE HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED?"

### On Railway Officials

THE distinguishing characteristic of railway officials is aloofness. No offence is intended. There is nothing aggressive or injurious about their aloofness; it is a negative rather than a positive quality, an attribute rather than a vice. Just as pomposity may be ascribed to churchwardens and rotundity to butchers, so may an aloof demeanour be said to be the birthright of railway officials. When it springs and why it persists must be left for the social historian of the future to decide. Possibly he will find the explanation in the environment of these men. Living, as porter and stationmaster do, in a constant atmosphere of change, of coming and going, how can they help but reflect on the mutability of things material, the unimportance of the individual compared with the functioning of the system? The station is the microcosm of life. Here to-day and gone (on the return half of the week-end ticket) to-morrow. Jones may come and Jones may go, but the Permanent Way goes on for ever.

Whether this is indeed the philosophy of the railwayman matters little; whatever the reason, his aloofness is beyond the sphere of argument. In all his dealings with the public he is reserved, austere, a little removed. A bus-conductor will call you "Mate" or "Mother," according to sex, and gladly chat with you about football or the passing scene. The porter has none of this camaraderie. He does not seek out his fellow-men, but waits for them to come to him. He speaks only when spoken to, and sometimes not even then. "Where for?" he asks, as who should say, "To what green hell?" and when you have told him the name of your station that is the end of it. Clearly there is no more to be said. Politely but firmly he collects your

luggage and wheels it away. You may follow or not as you please; it will certainly never enter his head to turn round and look for you. You desire to go to Pottering-on-Sea? Very well, then, let us get the ridiculous business over as quickly as possible. It is not for him to point out that you will be no better off there than you are here. He puts you and your luggage in the train, accepts your tip without emotion and shuts your carriage-door upon you with a gesture of finality. He does not linger at the window for a chat. As he turns away you realise with dismay that he has already forgotten all about you. There is little likelihood, you feel, of his telling his chums about you as they sit over their evening cocoa in the porters' room.

But if porters tend to be a little uncommunicative and abrupt, what of their colleagues higher up in the glittering hierarchy of the Permanent Way? What of ticket-inspectors and guards and stationmasters? I say nothing of engine-drivers and firemen, for they are a race apart. They are godly men, but withal not without human sympathy. They even wave to us upon occasion, provided we are not *in statu passengeri* but merely picking buttercups beside the line. On the whole perhaps engine-drivers with moustaches wave rather more readily than those without, but that is beside the point. It is impossible to imagine a ticket-inspector, with or without a moustache, waving to anybody. They simply are not built that way.

Of course it is possible that the aloofness of ticket-inspectors is in part assumed as a kind of armour against a world which ranks them high among the minor nuisances of life. There is no hope of popularity for your ticket-inspector. He knows, as he slides back the door and

insinuates himself into the carriage, that his presence is resented by all the company. His life is spent in an atmosphere of unrest and gloom, of sleep disturbed, overcoats hurriedly thrown open, handbags turned inside-out, fingers thrust into innumerable waistcoat-pockets, and running through it all an undercurrent of groans and stifled oaths. Small wonder then if he has a dour and uncommunicative manner. "Change at Reading," he says briefly as he hands back our mutilated ticket, and is gone.

People who have actually spoken to guards declare that they can at times unbend to a surprising degree. It may well be so. The guard is not, like the porter, a fixed point in a changing sea. Like us, nay, much more than us, he goes to and fro upon the earth. He is in a way the Ideal or Perpetual Passenger. He can understand and sympathise with our intention to visit Pottering-on-Sea, for he is going there himself. Probably he has been there twice or three times already that day. So he lacks the instinctive, almost other-worldly reserve of station, or stationary, officials. He is merely dignified and omniscient.

Nothing much is known about signalmen. Their public appearances are rare and confined to Inquiries into Accidents, when they habitually speak of trains as if they were buns. "I was offered the 5.38 from Slowcombe," they say, "and the 4.49 fish train from Yarborough. I accepted the 5.38." It is obviously unfair to pass judgment on this evidence, but at a guess I should say they were distinctly aloof.

So at last we come to that pinnacle of aloofness, the booking-clerk. His detachment from the world of mundane affairs is almost complete. Not content with a mere mental and spiritual remoteness such as satisfies the humble porter, he has withdrawn himself into a fortress which precludes the slightest possibility of physical contact with his fellow human beings. Here, surrounded by tickets, perhaps with one or two chosen companions, he lives his

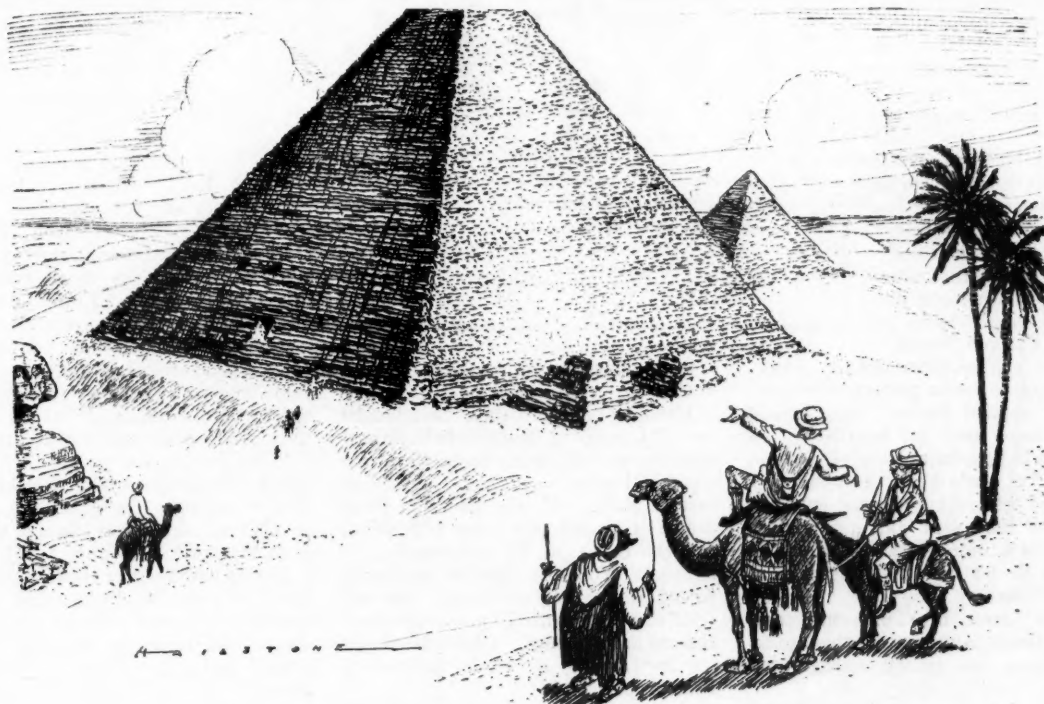
life of almost uninterrupted contemplation. Few have ever heard his voice; no profane eye has ever rested on his countenance. The most, the very most the common herd can hope for is a glimpse of his waistcoat from the second button to the sixth; and even that would be denied us but that the Railway Company insist upon his keeping open some sort of channel of communication with the outside world. Sometimes as it is he finds himself unable to bear so palpable a threat to his privacy as this port-hole affords. Then he lets down a little wooden door, and no amount of knocking will induce him to raise it again until the bad fit is over.

Sometimes I get a little frightened when I think of these impregnable booking-offices dotted here and there all over the face of our fair land. What grim secrets do they hide, what mysterious rites are practised behind those unyielding walls? It is even possible that behind the mask of ticket-selling some terrible Camorra sworn to destroy society has its being. Somewhere hidden away in the recesses of a London booking-office sits the Master Mind, controlling the vast ramifications of his organisation. All day long money pours into his thousands of branches. A report comes in from Bosham that the Chief of the C.I.D. has just taken a cheap return to Havant. Knowledge is his and wealth—and above all absolute secrecy. He waits patiently, inscrutably, ready to give the word . . .

Of course a simultaneous police raid on all the branches would clean up the whole organisation. But somehow I have never quite screwed myself up to the pitch of expressing my fears to Scotland Yard. They might laugh at me. So to-morrow—yes, definitely to-morrow, I am going to speak to the stationmaster about it. "Don't you think," I shall ask him, "that it's high time your booking-office was opened up?"

All one can say for certain is that he won't answer.

H. F. E.



"AND THEY SAY THAT FOUR-FIFTHS OF THESE THINGS ARE UNDERGROUND."



## Abroad at Home

"Harold," I said, looking at my husband across the dining-room table, "voulez-vous encore du pudding de ris?"

"What, dear?" asked Harold in a surprised tone of voice.

Emma fidgeted uncomfortably in her chair.

"Mummy wants to speak French at meal-times," she explained, "but I just jolly well won't, so there!"

"Oh, oui, you will," I reprimanded her. "Mademoiselle said it was the only way to learn French. 'Il faut parler,' she said, 'pendant les meal-times.'"

Harold took a long drink of beer and wiped his moustache reflectively.

"Personally I don't mind speaking French," he said, "because I'm pretty good at it. I got a prize for French History at my private school, as you probably know."

"We know," retorted Emma cheekily.

"But it seems pointless," continued Harold, ignoring the interruption, "for you and I to talk French if Emma simply sits . . ."

"Boudeuse?" suggested Emma.

"Exactly. Now, in spite of having known Emma for twelve years, she has never shown the smallest signs of linguistic ability. I should be very interested to hear whether she can utter a single word of French. Can you, Emma?"

"Chou, caillou, hibou, joujou, genou, something and pou prennent le x au pluriel," replied Emma, cramming a sponge finger into her mouth.

"Prends pas de notice," I advised Harold, "et parle d'autres choses."

Harold sat looking worried for some time, and then said conversationally, "Hier j'ai acheté des shares dans un business de fer quand j'étais dans le Stock Exchange."

Emma burst into unseemly and very crumbly laughter at this, rocking to and fro in an exaggerated manner.

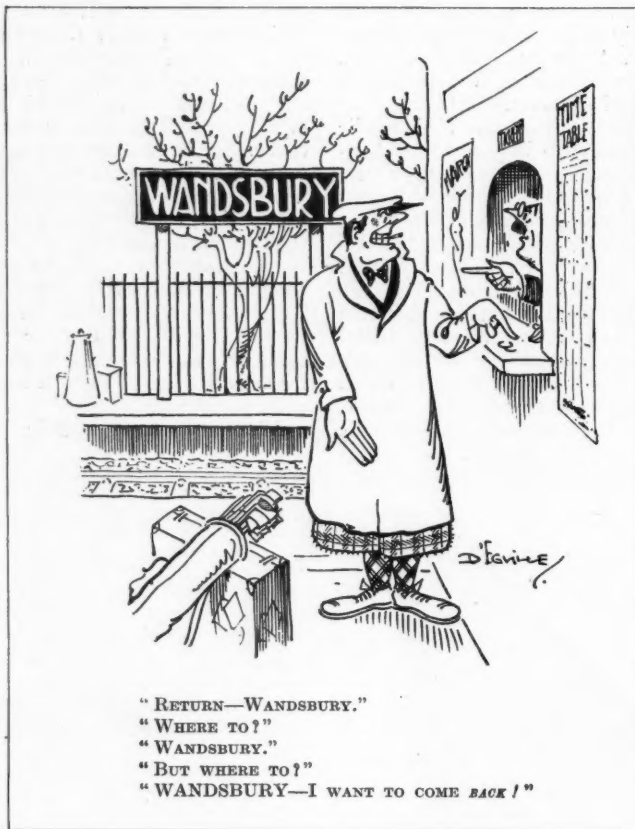
"Well, you say something then," cried Harold, touched to the quick.

Emma pondered. "Puis-je avoir un autre doigt d'éponge?" she eventually asked.

"No, you can't; and wipe your mouth!" I answered crossly. Really, this was being a very tiresome luncheon. However, as the French had been my idea, there was no going back. I smiled charmingly at Harold.

"Voulez-vous du dessert?" I inquired.

Harold gloomily eyed the two oranges and three apples. "Ils ont l'air rotten," he said gloomily.



"RETURN-WANDSBURY."  
"WHERE TO?"  
"WANDSBURY."  
"BUT WHERE TO?"  
"WANDSBURY—I WANT TO COME BACK!"

"Et fromageux," added Emma dourly.

Harold looked irritably at his daughter. "I suppose, Emma, it is impossible for you to speak more than one word of French at a time?" he asked sarcastically. "I am spending hundreds of pounds on your education, and the result, as far as I can see, is farcical. You are closeted for hours with Mademoiselle every day, and yet your French is entirely monosyllabic." Harold looked stern. "Will you oblige me by saying a whole phrase in French, please?"

Emma peered up at him from under her long eyelashes, and then in a deep

quivering voice said: "On voit dans les sombres écoles des petits qui pleurent toujours; les autres font des cabrioles, eux, ils restent au fond des cours."

"Good heavens, what's that?" said Harold sharply.

"It's French," answered Emma innocently, "and can I please have an orange and put a lump of sugar in the top and suck?"

"Non!" I told her. "Coupez le in quarters, like every other decent person!"

"Isn't Uncle John a decent person?"

"Parlez français!" I shouted, unwilling to get involved in an acrimonious discussion about my brother's eating habits.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Harold leant his elbows on the table and declaimed, rather in the manner of SARAH BERNHARDT at the Comédie Française, "En 1683 la Reine Marie Thérèse meurt. Après sa mort, le Roi devient plus sérieux. Il finit par épouser Madame de Maintenon, gouvernante des enfants de Madame de Montespan. En 1685—"

"Please, dear!" I said as gently as I could.

Harold choked and stopped. He seemed overcome with emotion. "Gosh!" he sighed. "I remember reciting that to dear old Waggars when I was quite a boy. We were standing in Sixth—"

"No, dear," I remonstrated—"please!"

I got up from the table, and so did Harold.

"Say your grace," I ordered Emma, who was floating a match on the remains of her orange-

juice. As Harold and I left the dining-room we heard Emma say in a reverent voice: "Honi soit qui Palais de danse; toujours la politesse, vive la France!"

"The French always were a flippant people," sighed Harold. "I think we'd better stop speaking French at meals, or else we shall find Emma sinking from flippancy into immorality."

Emma came out of the dining-room, her face a sea of orange, and walked laboriously backwards up the front-stairs. On reaching the landing she turned and said with an execrable accent: "Je suis l'ongfong terrible!" and ran giggling away.

I hate children.

V. G.



"PEKES AND POMS—THEY FEEDS DAINTY; SETTERS AND SICHLIKE SKOFF; BUT THE DANES, MISS, THE DANES, THEY DOWN IT VOCIFEROUS."

### Post-Eliot Post

I DESCEND to the door upon hearing the double knock.

Is there any post for me?

Should there be?

Can there be?

Might there perhaps not be

Post for me?

Hope for me?

Yes, post and partly post:

First a circular

With a halfpenny stamp,

From a firm in which I am not interested,  
Am even bored about it and partly bored.

It is not even addressed to me.

Is there no other post for me?

Or partly post?

I am in despair . . .

Desolation . . .

Need for escape

From the daily postlessness of my letter-box.

Ah, what is this?

It bears my name,

My address,

My style

And the name of my county.

It is for me.

Post for me.

Hope for me.

True it bears only a halfpenny stamp,

But what it contains

Is mine.

And what it contains—

Is a privilege ticket

For a play which I have already seen

And did not like.



Owner. "Do TELL ME YOU LOATHE IT."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Churchill Epic Continues.

RAMILLIES and Oudenarde are the high peaks in the third (which after all is not the final) volume of *Marlborough: His Life and Times* (HARRAP, 25/-). Between them lies a deep valley of disaster and around them stretch the waste-lands of political faction and the morasses of political intrigue. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL breathes most happily the exhilarating air of the heights; but he is as familiar with the lower levels and treads their devious and often doubtful paths with a sure foot and unflagging energy. Whatever the altitude, he is a guide who inspires our confidence while he excites our interest. To drop the metaphor, while he is at his best in the description of march and battle, making even the complications of Oudenarde plain to the least soldierly, he brings an equal lucidity to bear on the less noble conflicts of interest which divided the Allies and thwarted their great captains, and on the tortuous policies of ROBERT HARLEY, of which, so far as this volume is concerned, the most notable fruit was the discomfiture of SARAH and the triumph of ABIGAIL. But it is always with a sigh of relief, as it were, that he returns to his hero, who is shown here at the height of his glory and as lovable as he is glorious, but very weary of his burdens and, while beating his enemies in the field, already foreseeing the triumph of his enemies at home. Let the specialists cavil at this point or that, the rest of us may be grateful for an epic.

#### England and The Kaiser

After reading Mr. E. F. BENSON's masterly and pitiless exposure of *The Kaiser and English Relations* (LONGMANS, 16/-), I am more than ever convinced that the secret of that mercurial monarch's instability and failure lay in the mingling of English and German blood in his veins. He felt himself to be now an Englishman, now a German, with disastrous consequences for Anglo-German relations. His outspoken admiration for England and the English was certainly sincere. Nor did he hesitate to incur unpopularity with his own subjects by trying to get them to adopt English ways. On his frequent visits to England the KAISER always posed as the complete Englishman, and, more curiously still, he sometimes did so in his own country. Moreover, WILLIAM II. cannot alone be blamed for all the misunderstandings that arose between the two peoples. His own ministers, and to a lesser extent his English relations, share the responsibility with him. Indeed it seems to me that at times Mr. BENSON has been too aware of the KAISER's failings and too prone to ignore his undoubted abilities. Nevertheless his portrait of him is remarkable.

#### Baker's Fire

As moving as it is distinguished and original, Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's new novel deals with the hard case of a heroic conscience up against vested interests. The lot of *Robert Mansell*, baker, of Condicote (*floruit* 1870) is a particularly hard one, for, being a religious man with a divine pity for the poor, he is exploited by a professional agitator—one *Adolf Engels*—and at odds, on political grounds, with all



his best customers. The produce of a new steam bakery undersells his old-fashioned bread, and by a familiar irony it is the poor who eat the sweated food and the idle rich who patronise *Mansell*. Given this poignant situation, a tender-hearted wife for the baker and a gallant son resentful of the domination of *Engels*, given a poaching affray that involves a half-witted hanger-on of the bakery, and you have the material for a tragic clash of consciences, a great trial scene, and finally one of those amazing reversals of fortune which Mr. MASEFIELD, in his best *Oddaa* manner, so disconcertingly engineers. I deplore the botched-up finale, the bizarre ugliness of the title, but *Eggs and Baker* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is not a novel to be missed.

### "Sligger"

The man who writes a public biography of a very intimate character undertakes to achieve the impossible at the risk of perpetrating the intolerable. Mr. CYRIL BAILEY's *Francis Fortescue Urquhart: A Memoir* (MACMILLAN, 6/-) is a book which challenges either form of failure; no man's reputation was more difficult to explain to those who did not know him; no man would have minded more, or have left friends who would mind more the profaning of sanctities. Let it be said at once on behalf of those who knew FRANCIS URQUHART as "SLIGGER" that Mr. BAILEY has been admirably successful in avoiding the sentimental and the over-intimate. Whether he has succeeded in conveying to the outside public the secret of a curiously elusive yet irresistible charm it is for the outside public to say, not for those who read with crowding personal memories for their book-markers. Will the casual reader understand how for forty years a single personality permeated Balliol without the least attempt to dominate it; how a whole life could be devoted to a multitudinous series of undergraduate friendships without losing its own rare and somewhat rigid individuality; how Balliol of the nineties dared the experiment of a Catholic History tutor; how "SLIGGER'S room" became for so many the hub of human intercourse and their best retreat from it? If he reads the book with any sympathy it is to be anticipated that he will, at least by glimpses; if not, lest him rest assured that the secret was incommunicable.

### Unholy Russia

"Aristarkhov and Grabelshchikov were dining at the 'Bear'"—the first sentence of *He's Got a Million* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6)—gives the acute reader some suspicion that he is in for a Russian novel. However, this is not one of the out-and-out "Michael Michaelovitch was weeping quietly in the incinerator" affairs; it is a picture of St. Petersburg in pre-revolutionary days, of the life lived by



"LISTEN, RAMESES. POSTCARDS, TAPESTRY, ELEPHANTS, IMITATION COCAINE, OR EVEN TURKISH DELIGHT, YES, BUT COAT-HANGERS AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, NO!"

the wealthy and would-be wealthy both before the War and during its early years. In an odd impersonal way the author, V. KRYMOV, contrives to inspire us with a feeling that the revolution was about due, but the characters are too bloodless to allow the story to carry much genuine conviction. Those who have read NEGLEY FARSON's account of Russian graft and corruption in *The Way of a Transgressor* will find their withers unwrung. Why the publishers should go out of their way to claim that "Krymov's characters are real" and to add that "he has indeed been aptly compared with Dickens" baffles the imagination. Perhaps the comparison was made by a compatriot of the author's, who read both KRYMOV and DICKENS in his own language. One does not know how far Mr. *Pickwick* retains his individuality in Russian. Still, leaving DICKENS out of it, one should add that there are interesting glimpses here of the way a Russian newspaper office used to be run, and enough airy talk

about hundreds of thousands of roubles to keep the reader impressed—provided of course that he can remember what roubles used to be worth.

### Our Old Nobility

*Lady Addle Remembers* (METHUEN, 5/-), "Being the Memoirs of The Lady Addle of Eigg," is all the title leads us to hope, and with its exquisite illustrations from real photographs is at once something quite new and the direct descendant of the most brainless and pompous of the autobiographies of the past. To a censorious world it seems that *Lady Addle's* eldest brother cheated at croquet with the KAISER and departed to Africa, sending back to her his first "kill," the stuffed tsetse-fly which she now uses as a paper-weight, and that her sister *Mipsie* was a pillar of the Divorce Court; but *Lady Addle* gives quite another reading of their histories. In India she herself, entering his Zenana intending to teach the inhabitants how to crochet, narrowly escaped inclusion in the Nizam of Chortlepugger's batch of new wives—and so the tale goes on. Miss MARY DUNN has been a little audacious in the use of the names of living or not long dead personalities, but her book is extraordinarily amusing and possibly even salutary.

### Loosed to Adventure Early

The adventures of *Will Mariner* (FABER AND FABER, 10/6) have been taken from true historical records and are here delightfully set down by the late Vice-Admiral BOYLE TOWNSHEND SOMERVILLE, C.M.G., R.N. It is the story of a boy of thirteen who went off to cruise in an English privateer against the Spaniards in the year 1805. The efficient and most piratical captain modelled his campaign on the Pacific coast of South America on that of his predecessor, DRAKE, and but for his untimely death the voyage would have been profitable to all concerned. Owing to the incompetence of his successor in command, however, the ship was captured and burnt by natives and most of the crew massacred. Young MARINER was spared to become the adopted son of the King of the Tongas, and for six years he fought, cultivated his estate and steered a safe and canny course through a sea of tribal intrigues and island politics. Luckily he kept good note of ethnological customs and traditions of the Pacific races among whom he lived. But for his good memory and power of observation much now obsolete usage would be lost to modern inquirers. This book will thrill both adults and boys, for it has some of the quality of *Treasure Island*, yet is all founded on fact. It would be easy to make a worse choice for one's nephew—or oneself.

### Wild Weather

"TAFFRAIL'S" admirers might reasonably have been a little disappointed with his recent novel, *The Mystery of Milford Haven*, but now that he has got away from land and returned to what seems to me his natural element all of us who delight in a thrilling tale of the sea will be more than satisfied. At the outset of *Mid-Atlantic* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) the *Moorhaven*, "a perambulating steel box with a slightly sharpened bow and rounded stern," was on the point of beginning her heroic fight against devastating storms. Quite clearly "TAFFRAIL" emphasises that the steamer through the niggardly policy of her owners was totally unfit and unable to battle against such conditions. But short-handed as the crew were, and handicapped in shameful ways, all of them, from the captain to the two apprentices, stand out as individuals in their struggle against overwhelming odds. An exciting and significant story, which "TAFFRAIL" relates with characteristic vigour.

### Many Inventions

*Tony Candon*, to whose mouth Mr. DENNIS ROOKE has entrusted *Wild Goose's Journey* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is one of those ineffable young asses who, as far as my experience goes, are more frequently to be found in fiction than in real life; which is, I think, more than well, for, although to read about *Tony* may be amusing, to meet him in the flesh would at the best be a painful pleasure. For my own part I

derived several good chuckles from *Tony's* attempts to deal successfully with lovely women and strong men, and, though I do not think that he quite stays a course nearly three hundred pages long, he is by no means an unentertaining specimen of his class. And at all times, apart from the humours of his characters and situations, Mr. ROOKE is liable to make one laugh by the refreshing way in which he expresses himself.

Mr. Punch extends his fatherly blessing to the following books, reprinted wholly or in part from his pages:—*Mild and Bitter*, by A. P. HERBERT (METHUEN, 6/-); *Cottage into House*, by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, illustrated by BERTRAM PRANCE (COLLINS, 7/6); *General Forcursue and Co.*, being "More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club," by GEORGE C. NASH (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-); *Ski Fever*, by J. B. EMTAGE, with illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER, and *The Luck of the Draw*, a collection of pictures by "FOUGASSE" (the last two from METHUEN at 5/- each).



AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF MR. SEPTIMUS SMITH ('OUR LEADING HUMOROUS WRITER') REFUSING TO BE AMUSED BY A BOOK FROM THE PEN OF HIS DEADLY RIVAL MR. OCTAVIUS BROWN ('OUR FOREMOST FUNNY AUTHOR').